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AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

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Catalogue continued on next page of cover.

THE AFFLICTED FAMILY,

—OR—

A Doctor Without a Diploma.

A FARCE-COMEDY,

IN FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

Malcolm Stewart Taylor,

Author of Auld Robin Gray ; Ar-u-ag-oos ; &c., &c.,

**As originally produced at Peacock's Opera House, Moravia, N. Y.,
under the direction of the author.**

With the original Cast of Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative positions of the performers on the stage, and the whole of the stage business carefully marked from the author's original manuscript.

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—† CLYDE, OHIO, †—
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

THE AFFLICTED FAMILY.

Cast of characters as first performed at Moravia, N. Y., Wednesday
Evening, March, 10th, 1880.

C. Crotchet,....(<i>a retired merchant, sick in the spleen</i>).....	Malcolm Taylor.
B. Frizzy, (<i>a barber, addicted to punning and scrapes</i>)	G. W. Teed.
Dr. G. Linton, (<i>a practical physician, troubled with patients</i>)	F. W. Collins.
L. Staple, (<i>a young merchant, subject to bashfulness</i>).....	L. W. Brown.
Clarence, (<i>a student, inclined to ale</i>)....	B. H. Bowen.
John Henry, (<i>a man servant, complain- ing of nothing to do</i>).....	A. J. Chandler.
I. Seizer, (<i>a Constable, used to take away bad effects</i>).....	J. H. Rollo.
Mrs. Crotchet, (<i>an invalid, ill with ner- vousness</i>)	Mrs. J. H. Rollo.
Daisy, her daughter, }	} both affected with
Dolly, her niece, }	
<i>a disease of the</i> }	Miss Alice Greenfield.
<i>heart, called love.</i> }	Miss Julia E. Tuthill.
Dorothy, (<i>a maiden aunt, afflicted with deafness, knitting, and a poodle dog</i>	Mrs. L. Smith.
Betty, (<i>a maid servant, suffering out of sympathy for Frizzy</i>)	Mrs. E. R. Waldron.

Time—the presen.

Scene—London and Suberbs.

ACT I.—The Invalid's at Home

ACT II.—A Barber's Scrape. ~

ACT III.—A Lover's Luck.

ACT IV.—A Sure Cure.

Costumes—Modern.

Time of performance—One and three-fourth hours

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T55A8

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Chamber in Crotchet's house—door in the C., two doors R., and door and curtained alcove L. R. F. a toilet stand and sofa, hand mirror on toilet stand—to F. an arm chair, and a table with hand-bell, books, writing material, medicine bottles, pill boxes and powder packages. In the background, L., a closet, and a screen shower bath R. John and Betty discovered.

John. (*lounging on sofa*) After a fashion, this is living. There it is nine o'clock and not one of the family up yet. (*he gets up—stretching*) Oh! hum; what lazy times I have, to be sure.

Betty. (*busy dusting*) Come, John Henry, you are forgetting your breakfast, cook and me have eaten ours.

John. How can a man eat when he's not hungry?

Betty. Not hungry? Your appetite heretofore was very good.

John. Heretofore? Yes, that's it exactly. Heretofore I had a wagon load of goods sent off, twenty barrels rolled out of the cellar, boxes piled, and the stock all laid out by this time; but now—(*yawning*)—oh, hum, since we have retired, and I wear this livery, my appetite has left me.

Betty. (*sarcastically*) How awful sad.

John. But that is not the saddest part. Through having nothing to do am beginning to have all kinds of foolish thoughts.

Betty. Do they only come to you through doing nothing?

John. Yes. (*edging up to her*) But I say, Betty, I have known you over two years now, yet I am just beginning to find out that you are not such bad company after all.

Betty. It is certainly a sign of foolishness that you have not discovered that before.

John. Better late than never.

about to embrace her, Crotchet's head, in night-cap, appears through curtain.

Crotchet. John.

John. (*busying himself*) Yes, sir.

Crot. Hasn't the doctor been here yet?

John. No, sir.

Crot. Call me immediately when he comes. (*he withdraws his head*)

John. All right, Mr. Crotchet. (*to Betty*) Let's see, dear Betty, where were we when we got interrupted?

Betty. At your foolishness.

John. Oh yes, at my love. Well, Betty, I can sincerely say —

Again about to embrace her, Mrs. Crotchet sticks her head, in night-cap, out of
R. 2 R.

Mrs C. Has the doctor not been here yet?

John. (*busying himself*) No, Mrs. Crotchet.

Mrs C. Oh, my poor head. What keeps him?

(*she retires*)

John. Ah, they appear well to-day. First the noise goes to her nerves, than that goes to the old fellow's spleen, than that goes to the young

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

master's stomach, then that goes to the young misses' heart, and at last **we** goes to the apothecary's. Do you know, Betty, I believe it is a sign of good health when a man feels so—embracing, as it were.

Betty. From doing nothing, eh?

John. No, Betty, but feeling, let me inform you—

(again about to embrace her, Daisy protrudes her head out of 1st D. R.)

Daisy. Is the doctor here yet, Betty?

Betty. No, miss, not yet.

Daisy. I wish to speak to him when he comes.

(she retires)

John. Ah! do you, Miss Daisy? I declare a fellow can't get a chance to express himself with their doctor here and doctor there. Stop dusting, Betty, and pay attention to me while I tell you—

(again about to embrace her)

Enter Dorothy, knitting, L. D.

Dorothy. Hasn't the doctor been here yet?

John. (growling) No, he won't be here for a long time.

Dor. Gone home? Why, when did he go?

John. (loudly) He isn't here yet!

Betty. (louder) Not here yet!

Dor. Ah, yes, here, here.

(exit, L. D.)

John. Well, now, I hope I'll have a chance to speak.

(again to about embrace her)

Enter Dolly, with hat and cloak on, C. D.

Dolly. Has the doctor not arrived yet?

Betty. No, Miss Dolly.

Dolly. (aside) Then I am yet in time. I will make my toilet now—you will please assist me, Betty.

(exit R. 1 B.)

Betty. I'll be there immediately, miss.

(about to go)

John. (trying to detain her) Stay with me yet a little longer, Betty.

Betty. No, no, let me go. There's the young master.

(breaks from him and exits, R. 1 B.)

Enter Clarence, C. D.

John. Gracious, Master Clarence, how you do look!

Clarence. Oh, I feel bad, too. Did any one notice that I did not come home last night?

John. Only your cousin—the others did not.

Clar. Oh, dear! What shall I do?

John. But I told her that you hadn't been to bed all night, because you were studying, and that you went off to the college very early this morning.

Clar. Did you? Oh, oh!

(sitting on chair and holding head)

John. You had a little too much. (pantomimes drinking) Didn't you?

Clar. Oh, I feel so miserable!

John. But what is the matter with you?

Clar. Oh, John, I was on a jamboree last night.

John. A jamboree? That sounds dreadful—very unbecoming to a young man of your age.

Clar. I'm awfully sick at my stomach.

John. Ah, yes, I know that sickness—but wait, give me a sixpence and I will bring you a splendid remedy.

Clar. (giving coin) Here, go and get it as soon as possible.

John. (aside) He's a sick dog.

(exit, C. D.)

Clar. (rising) I feel as though my head was three times as big as usual—I believe my hat has become too small for me. (removes hat) Oh, I'm so tired I can scarcely keep my eyes open. (drops down on the sofa) I must have rest. (yawns) Oh, hum.

(falls asleep)

Enter Crotchet, in dressing gown and cap, with three letters in his hand, from curtained alcove.

Crotchet. Three more business letters. It's provoking that they won't let a sick man alone. I should not have given up my warehouse if I had wished to buy and sell as they want me to do. (*sits down in arm chair and calls*) Daisy—It's rest I want, health I want, but not a bit of business.

Enter Daisy, quickly, R. 1 E.

Daisy. (*throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him*) Good morning, dear papa.

Crot. (*gruffly*) Oh don't do that. Every person has nerves, and it does seem the more sensitive they are, the more likely they are to be shocked. I am very nervous—that I have told a hundred times.

Daisy. Come now, don't be angry, papa. You called me, what do you want?

Crot. I have three letters that I wish you to answer for me, declining all offers—everything. Do you hear? (*he opens the letters and reads them, Daisy looking over his shoulder*) The people shall leave me alone—I want nothing—nothing at all. Oh, don't stand behind my back that way, you annoy me. (*he pulls her around in front*)

Daisy. Formerly you used to like it, papa.

Crot. Formerly? Nonsense! Then I had so much else to do that I could not take care of my body; now I suffer the consequences. There, take the letters. (*gives her them*) Go now and answer them—Stop, first tell me how do I look to-day?

Daisy. Why as usual, papa.

Crot. As usual? Nonsense! Tell me the truth.

Daisy. (*pertly*) Well, papa, to be real candid, you appear a little bit cross.

Crot. Cross? Humph, nonsense! Good humor is not a woollen undergarment that a person can put on or off at pleasure. (*opening book*) Look, here it is printed. Through the working of the liver, the mental operations of men are regulated, as the action of it is so is that of the mind. Now I want to know how I look—yellow or white?

Daisy. Not the least yellow—rather pale, papa.

Crot. (*startled*) Pale? Now we have it. There is something the matter with my spleen. Yes, yes! I feel it now. Oh, oh!

Daisy. You did not understand. I said rather pale than yellow. You have more color than common. (*pressing his left side*)

Crot. Color? Than common! Let me see. (*turns leaves in the book and reads*) "Remarkable color, a symptom of congestion of the brain." Heavens! Give me a Dover powder directly.

(*searches for a package of powders*)

Daisy. What for, dear father?

Crot. It is an attack of paralysis ails me. Let me take that looking-glass.

Daisy. (*handing hand-mirror*) Here, papa.

Crot. (*looking in glass and protuding tongue*) Yes, my tongue is very much coated.

Daisy. Coated? Yours is certainly a very respectable looking tongue, papa.

Crot. That is so, my tongue is actually getting longer, and my pupils are growing bigger.

Daisy. That is natural, dear father.

Crot. Natural! What?

Daisy. Why, that Cousin Dolly and myself, who are your pupils, should grow bigger.

Crot. O stop your poor jokes on such a serious subject as health is. Sit down now and write these answers for me.

Daisy. Directly, papa. I must read them over first. (*going to sofa she sits down on Clarence, then jumps up, screaming*) Oh, oh, oh!

Crot. (*started*) Gracious, don't frighten me so!

Enter Mrs. Crotchet, suddenly, with her hands on her ears, R. 1 E.

Mrs C. My poor head! Who screamed then. You, Daisy?

Daisy. Oh, I almost sat on him—it is Clarence!

Mrs C. Clarence! Where? The child, I hope, is not sick.

(*she goes to the sofa*)

Crot. (*also going to sofa*) Clarence?

Clar. (*in his sleep*) I take it, and go you one better.

Crat. Heavens! The boy is delirious! Clarence, Clarence!

(*shaking him*)

Clar. (*sitting up, rubbing his eyes*) Good evening, father.

Crot. Child, what has happened to you? How you do look!

Clar. (*arousing*) It is—it will—it was too warm in the college. I don't know myself what is the matter with me.

Mrs C. That comes from such close study—I always said so. The child has my nervous temperament. Oh, what won't I live to see yet!

(*dropping in chair, overcome*)

Crot. My goodness, wife, pacify yourself.

(*fanning her*)

Enter Dorothy knitting, L. D.

Mrs C. (*loudly*) Dorothy, poor Clarence is sick to-day.

Dor. (*dryly*) Yes, very nice weather to-day.

Crot. (*at table, getting a box of bills—loudly*) Poor Clarence is sick! He is so tender.

Dor. Yes, Clarence is growing slender.

Crot. (*aside*) Good lord! (*loudly, in her ear*) I—said—he—was—sick.

Dor. Oh, sick. Is that what you said? Poor boy. (*going to sofa*)

Clar. I presume it will soon pass away.

Dor. Shail I get my rheumatic antidote?

Crot. (*loudly*) Nonsense! (*to Clarence*) Here, take some of my antibilious pills. (*offering him some*)

Mrs C. (*aside*) O, my poor head with that yelling! (*aloud*) No, not pills, my son. I will give you some of my nervine drops. (*going for bottle*)

Crot. Nonsense! They are entirely too mild for his case. The first thing to do is to set the liver to work. (*feeling his head*) His head is feverish, too.

Dor. Yes, fever few is good.

Mrs C. Come, my darling, go to your room. I will bring you some beef-tea.

Clar. (*rising*) Plain tea, please, mamma.

Enter John, with plate, C. D.

John. Sir, here he is.

All. The doctor?

John. (*confused*) No, a pickled herring for Master Clarence.

Mrs C. What does the child want with a pickled herring?

John. H'm! Perhaps to examine the bones, as an anatomical study.

Mrs C. You are in no condition to study now, Clarence. Go to bed like a good boy. (*taking his arm*)

Crot. Yes, to bed—to bed. (*Mr. and Mrs. Crotchet lead him off, L.*)

Dor. Yes, a poultice of bread will do him good. (*exit, R.*)

Daisy. I am of the impression he is not a very dangerous patient.

(*exit, R. 1 E.*)

John. (looking from the departing persons to his plate) A nice pickle he is in! Hum! How nice and sweet he smells. I am afraid he will get into the wrong stomach. Mine is not sour. He looks at me so temptingly, I believe I will turn Jonah and swallow him. (exit, L.)

Enter Doctor Linton and Staple, C. D.

Doctor. So, dear friend, at last I have you here. Now pull yourself together and lay aside your natural diffidence for an hour.

Staple. Oh, if I only could do that.

Doc. Well, if you cannot do that you are not worthy such a lovely creature as Miss Daisy is.

Staple. And that I am not. I feel so small and insignificant in contrast with these rich people, that is the reason why I have never dared to enter the house before.

Doc. Yes, and if your charmer herself had not let me into the secret, and I had not half forced you here to-day, you might, perhaps, have pined in silence for years yet, while she would have taken a man who was not so afraid.

Staple. It is not fear, doctor. I am only modest.

Doc. Yes, far too modest. That won't do now-a-days, it is not practical. You will never get along in the world that way. A man must always make more of himself than there is, or else other people won't make anything of him. Above all, a merchant should not be modest, either in trade or love, else he will not succeed in either, but lose a good bargain in each.

Staple. I know you are not only a practical doctor, but also a practical man. Practice is what I want, as well as custom. Now I will follow your advice, even if it goes against my nature, and may love strengthen and inspire me.

Doc. Inspire, yes. Strengthen, no. Love weakens the man—it is an abnormal condition. Symptoms—throbbing of the heart, heavy pulse, melancholy, sleeplessness, moonshine, and especially wandering of the mind.

Staple. Those are my symptoms exactly.

Doc. Therefore it is high time you were married, that your case may not become chronic. For love there is but one remedy, that is wedlock—though the cure is often worse than the disease. Still, try it. Receipt—get papa's permission and win her to name the happy day. Get married as soon as possible, go on your wedding tour, and when the honeymoon is over every vestige of the disease will be gone.

Staple. (sighing) Ah! I'm afraid you have never been in love.

Doc. Ha! Me in love? Yes, but only on a scientific basis. I love my patients—when they are sick. But now, dear friend, I will leave you to your fate—remember none but the brave deserve the fair. (about to leave)

Staple. (holding out his hand) Must you go so soon?

Doc. (taking it) Yes, I have other dangerous patients to attend on. In half an hour I will be here again. (trying to withdraw)

Staple. (holding on to his hand) But stay, have you not some patients here?

Doc. (sneeringly) Ha! Yes of the worst kind. People who are really not sick. The only one who troubles me is—ahem—Miss Dolly. I am not certain about her case. Well, so long. (trying to get away again)

Staple. (still holding on) You are not going to leave me alone, are you?

Doc. Certainly. Should Mr. Crotchet come in you would undoubtedly be embarrassed in declaring your suit before me.

Staple. But remember he does not know me yet.

Doc. Oh, pshaw! Directions—you say you are Mr. Crotchet—I am Mr. Staple; then he will know who you are, and you will know who he is. Next, you will say I love your daughter, may I have her. And he will answer yes or no. Then you will abide by his decision or not, as you see fit. (aside) There is nothing like being practical. (exit, C. D.)

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Staple. (trembling) O, dear! Dare I risk it? All he said sounds easy enough, but, heigh-ho, it will be hard for me. With Miss Daisy now I could talk easier; with one look I could express so much, and with one glance she would answer me as much—then I could pour out my whole heart in a sigh, and one pressure of her hand, and she with one squeeze and sigh would answer me infinitely as much. Now with the father the conversation will be more extended. Oh gracious! Here he is now!

(he steps back, shyly)

Enter Crotchet, L.

Crot. (musing) Incomprehensible sudden illness. Humph! Can it be that the dry air is the cause. *(sitting down at table)* I remember seeing his symptoms mentioned somewhere. Let me see. *(takes book)* He complained of having a swelled head—swelled head—"a sign of dropsy, water disease." Why, how can that be when he never drinks water. Can it be sea sickness?

Staple. Ahem!

Crot. But he may also have fever. At any rate I will give him some of my pills. They are good for everything.

Staple. If you please, sir.

Crot. (looking around) Ah! Some one here?

Staple. (advancing sheepishly) Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Crotchet?

Crot. That is my name.

Staple. My name is Staple, sir. I am a merchant.

Crot. (aside) Very likely a travelling agent. *(aloud)* I am very much engaged at present, sir.

Staple. (twirling his hat) I only wish to take the liberty—*(dropping it)* Oh, beg pardon, sir. *(picking it up)*

Crot. I am sorry, but I do not need anything. I neither drink wine, nor smoke cigars, so good-day, sir.

Staple. I do not wish to speak of either wine or cigars—my business is of different nature—

Crot. I do not transact any business now.

(looking over the book)

Staple. But there are cases ———

Crot. I have enough cases. I am no longer a merchant—again, good-day.

Staple. If you would only have the goodness to try——

Crot. I try nothing. Do not trouble yourself any further, young man; you only waste your time uselessly. I have other matters to attend to.

(sitting to read again)

Staple. As you please. *(aside)* I must try once more. *(stepping forward)* Sir, I had the honor of dancing twice with your daughter last winter.

Crot. (rising again) This is too much. Young man, do you think, because you have danced with my daughter that I am going to let you impose upon me? Leave me alone—but first as a piece of advice, let me warn you to break yourself of your barefaced forwardness.

(he walks up and down, excitedly)

Enter Mrs. Crotchet, L.

Mrs C. What shall we do, husband? Clarence is getting worse; he is swimming in the head.

Crot. Worse? Swimming? Oh, if the doctor would only come. Last vacation the boy made a voyage to Holland—Can it be possible it is sea-sickness ails him after all.

(exit, L.)

Staple. (aside) Ho, ho! The mother?

(he advances)

Mrs C. (hunting for something) Where can my husband have put those sleeping powders?

Staple. Please excuse me, madam, for intruding myself. My name is Staple, I am a merchant.

Mrs C. (still hunting) This is very agreeable.

Staple. You appear to be looking for something madam? I called to see if I could find—

Mrs C. (still hunting) A box of powders.

Staple. No, madam, I called to see Mr. Crotchet on, to me, very important business.

Mrs C. You must excuse my husband to-day, sir. We have a very sick child—

Staple. Your daughter? (*dropping his hat and seizing her by the wrist*) O, lord!

Mrs C. Oh, how you frightened me! My poor nerves.

Staple. Is your daughter very sick?

Mrs C. No, it is our son.

Staple. Thank God!

Mrs C. (*aside*) Thank God? What kind of a person is this? (*picking up his hat*)

Staple. Madam, I had the honor of dancing twice with your daughter last winter.

Mrs C. But the subject to-day is our Clarence. (*again hunting*) Where can those powders be?

Staple. (*aside*) Those confounded powders. I will help her to find them, and thereby ingratiate myself into her good graces. (*helps her hunt*) Madam, this may not be a suitable time, yet I again venture to—(*upsets a bottle*) Oh, my, forgive me!

Mrs C. O my smelling salts—horrid wretch! John! John! (*calling*)

Staple. (*aside*) I hope she is not going to have me kicked out.

(*picking up the glass*)

Enter John, L.

John. Well, ma'am?

Mrs C. Go quick to the apothecary's and get a bottle of smelling salts.

John. Yes, ma'am, I will.

Staple. Do forgive me, madam.

Mrs C. When I have one of my spells on me and have no smelling salts—oh, oh! (*sinking as if to faint, then recovering*) It might be the death of me. (*exit, L.*)

John. (*aside*) Now what can he want here?

Staple. My good fellow, my name is Staple, I am a merchant.

John. That is what I was for a long time

Staple. I have something of very great importance to say to Mr. Crotchet.

John. Then you will have to come some other time. If you wish, I will arrange an interview for you. (*he holds his hands out*)

Staple. (*taking and shaking it*) Thank you.

John. (*aside*) He don't seem to take the hint to tip me. What do you want anyway?

Staple. I had the privilege of dancing with Mr. Crotchet's daughter twice last winter—

John. (*looking at his empty hand*) Ha! If you did not pay any more than that for it, you had it cheap— (*exit, L.*)

Staple. Now I am as wise as before. Not a person lets me come to the point, although in a most persistent manner I did my best to get there. And that to-day the son should become sick is just my luck. How the doctor will make fun of me when I tell him I have actually said nothing.

Enter Dorothy, knitting, R. 2 E.

Dor. I presume the doctor is here by this time.

Staple. Excuse me, madam, I am a friend of yours—

Dor. Thank you very much, my nephew is now a little better, praise God.

Staple. Is that so? It pleases me. (*aside*) The aunt, maybe the good angel of the house. I will try once more with her. (*to her*) My name is Staple, I am a merchant—

Dor. (*not hearing*) You see the poor boy, our Clarence, studies too hard.

Staple. (*aside*) Clarence again! It is enough to drive a man to distraction. Madam, a personal matter brought me to this house.

Dor. Clarence will be very glad to know his friends concern themselves about him. Will you not take a chair? (*pointing to chair and sitting herself*)

Staple. (*sitting down*) You are very kind. Your friendliness makes me hope I may interest you in my behalf.

Dor. Were you with Clarence at the school?

Staple. No, madam, but I had the pleasure of dancing with your neice twice last winter.

Dor. Oh, dance. A very nice way of enjoyment.

Staple. Yes, and I have since had the good fortune to become better acquainted with your neice.

Dor. In my day the minuet was very fashionable, sir.

Staple. (*excitedly*) She threw such a magnetic spell upon me, that—that I would consider it a great blessing to be allowed to pay my addresses to her. (*aside, wiping his brow*) There, it is out.

Dor. (*aside*) A very nice young man. What a pity he does not speak a little plainer.

Staple. (*aside*) She still looks pleasant, I will speak more freely. In one word, madam, I am dead in love with your neice, and came here to-day with the full intention to ask for her hand.

Dor. Yes, yes, first figure, give your partner your right hand.

Staple. How pleasant it is for a loving heart to know that it is not repelled. You have influence in this house—you will succeed in joining two loving souls together. In you we confide our hopes for the future, knowing you will not disabuse our trust; and be assured of our undying gratitude.

Dor. (*after a pause*) Have you been to the Zoological Gardens this year yet?

Staple. To the Zoological Gardens? Heavens, madam! do you mean to make fun of my holiest feelings?

Dor. Yes, the kangaroos are funny fellows.

Staple. Kangaroos? My lord, madam, have I expressed myself so unintelligibly that—

Dor. (*undisturbed*) We go out there in the carriage almost every week.

Staple. This is unendurable! (*rising and walking up and down excitedly*)

Enter Doctor, L.

Doc. Well, how goes it, Staple?

Staple. You came at the right time, friend, for I am nearly out of my right mind.

Doc. That is natural. You want to get married.

Staple. But tell me what ails this woman? Is she—(*touching his head*)

Doc. *Non compus mentis?* No, only very deaf.

Staple. Deaf? The devil!

Doc. Why, have you been pleading your case with her?

Staple. Yes, confound me for a fool. (*about to leave, runs against Crotchet*)

Enter Crotchet, L.

Crot. Heavenly father! That fellow here yet? Oh, my stomach! (*putting his hand on his stomach*)

Staple. Excuse me, sir; please do.

(*again about to leave, runs against Mrs. Crotchet*)

Enter Mrs. Crotchet, L.

—That was certainly unintentional, madam. (*aside*) I run afoul of every obstacle to-day. (*exit C. D.*)

Mrs C. Heh, has the man no eyes? Well, dear doctor, how is it with our Clarence?

Doc. Do not be alarmed, madam ; a few hours sleep and he will be fully recovered. Nothing ails him of any consequence.

Crot. Nothing of consequence ? You say that of me when I am almost dead.

Mrs C. There must be something the matter with him.

Crot. His complaint must have some name ?

Doc. Well, then, if you must know positively it is only a little excitement of the nerves: his whole system is shattered. There is no trifling with the nerves. I can speak from experience.

Crot. You take the matter too lightly. My wife is right ; our whole family are nervous.

Doc. (aside) The whole family will drive me distracted with their nerves.

Crot. Those only can sympathize with the sick who are not well themselves. My tongue is all coated again to-day, and in my left side I have a constant pain. Please examine my pulse. *(holding out his right hand)*

Doc. (feeling his pulse) Quite natural.

Mrs C. Please mine, too, dear doctor. *(holding out hers)*

Doc. [feeling hers] Also in order. You are both quite well.

Mrs C. What is that ? We well, Crotchet ? We well ?

Crot. As if I kept a doctor to tell me every day that I was well. If I were well I wouldn't have such a pain here in my side when I press it.

Doc. It pains only when you press it ?

Crot. Yes.

Doc. Then you mustn't press it—that is easily cured. Your whole sickness consists of your brooding upon yourself. You are always imagining something ails you. You do not take exercise enough.

Crot. That I do not think necessary.

Doc. You do not live plain enough ; you eat too rich and highly seasoned food.

Mrs C. We have the wherewith to live well ; yes, thank heaven, the means are ours.

Doc. You must busy yourself more—work.

Crot. I work ? I have no need to do that.

Doc. Chop some wood every day.

Crot. Chop some wood, eh ? So there is nothing ails me but that ?

Doc. No, nothing else. Now you must excuse me for to-day, I have some more patients whom I must visit. *[about to go]*

Mrs C. No, doctor, you won't leave us that way to-day. Be seated a moment longer.

Crot. Yes, yes, I have made me out a perscription from my medical lexicon. Just wait a minute till I return. *[exit in alcove]*

Mrs C. Yes, and I will also show you my receipts. *[exit, R. 2 E.]*

Dor. [aside] I will bring my little dog Fido, and ask the doctor's advice about him. *[exit, L.]*

Doc. The most pitiful of all things is a man under a delusion ! Glorified Schiller, thou art too true when thou sayest : "The medical science has advanced so far, that at the present day it would prove a problem for a hypercritic."

Enter Daisy and Dolly, R. 1 E.

Daisy. [drawing herself up] No, no, I won't let you go. Doctor, I bring you here a real patient.

Dolly. Do not believe her, doctor.

Daisy. Now just let me speak. You have yourself observed how gay and lively she used to be. She laughed, and joked, and sang the whole day long like a lark.

Doc. To be sure I have noticed a change.

Daisy. Just so, now she mopes like a canary bird when it moults. See how she drops her head and wings, and how pale she looks !

Dolly. Now, Daisy, I am not pale, whatever you say.

Doc. With your permission. [*he feels her pulse*] Indeed you are not pale, I find you rather colored.

Daisy. Truly, now she is flushed! That is a symptom of fever.

Dolly. I am quite well.

Doc. Your pulse is certainly higher than natural, miss.

Daisy. And the worst of it is, it is impossible to get her to attend the theater and balls now, and you will acknowledge that a young lady who does not attend such amusements must certainly be ill.

Doc. You are right; you should become a doctress.

Daisy. I'd rather be a merchant's wife. I am sorry I have prepared myself to receive your friend since he has not come. Did you not bring me a word from him?

Doc. Staple said he would attend to his own affairs to-day. (*takes out his doctor case*) I would like to prescribe for you to-day miss.

Enter Crotchet and Mrs. C. from opposite sides with papers in their hands

Crot. Here, dear doctor, I have brought it. We will together—

Mrs C. Here, doctor, is my—

They both seize the doctor by the arm and take him away from the girls, both speaking at once.

Crot. Allow me to speak first, wife; my case is the most critical, because it is chronic, yours is acute. [*Mrs. Crotchet stands apart with girls*]

Doc. Well, what is it then?

Crot. Here I have a correct diagnosis of my disease, and by it you will see that my side does ache, the result of the delicate condition of my liver; and my spleen is also affected, that accounts for my absentmindedness.

[*gives him paper*]

Doc. [*aside, looking at it*] Yes, he is incomprehensible. [*reads*] Nothing but bosh. Where in wonder did you come across all this?

Crot. Ah! Then that impresses you, does it? [*getting a big book from the table*] Here, this Medical Family Friend is the book.

Doc. [*taking it*] Yes, I should say it was the book.

Crot. [*taking a small book out of his vest pocket*] And then look here; "The Little Home Doctor, or the secrets of gaining health in twenty four hours."

[*handing it*]

Doc. [*looking at it*] How long have you had this?

Crot. Over four months.

Doc. And not well yet? This is really marvelous. I suppose I will have to prescribe for you.

Crot. Yes do. [*aside, rubbing his hands*] Thank heaven, at last.

Doc. Here, take both the books and throw them into the fire.

[*handing them back*]

Crot. What for? Why? [*laying them aside*] Now proceed: my liver is torpid—

Doc. I assure you, your liver is quite sound.

Crot. How can you say that again? Is it your liver or mine? You haven't it in your body, I have it in mine; I should know best how I feel. You will force me to engage another doctor. [*sinking into arm-chair*]

Doc. As you please, but he won't have it in his body either.

Daisy. [*going to and kneeling down by her father*] Dear papa!

Mrs C. [*advancing*] Now, if you please, doctor.

Doc. [*looking at his watch*] It is so late? I must go now, madam. I will come again to-morrow.

[*about to go*]

Mrs C. Do at least look at this receipt. I have selected it myself from the receipts of my departed grandmother. This one will certainly benefit me.

[*handing him paper*]

Doc. [*aside, reading it*] A nice little poison! Enough to exterminate the whole family.

[*he crumples it and puts it in his pocket*]

Mrs C. And here. Otaraxoacum—what do you think of this?

Doc. Lord of Heaven!

Crot. [rising] Yes, I advised her to take that.

Doc. [taking his hat] We will speak more of this to-morrow. I have more important patients to attend on.

Mrs C. More important! So we are not important enough, heh?

Dolly. But, dear aunt—

Crot. Yes, my wife is right. I, too, have had my fill; to have formally to beg of my family physician for a simple prescription. Bah!

Doc. [angrily] I am not one of those unconscientious doctors who write superfluous prescriptions to malpractice on well people with until they are really sick. I am too honorable for such artifice.

Crot. Too honorable? You are too indifferent, too young, too uninformed. You wish to cover this under your seeming rectitude.

Doc. 'Tis false, sir. This is too bad, but it is all I might expect from people who have no care but to get sick out of ennui.

Crot. Out of ennui?

Mrs C. Our Clarence's sickness is certainly not caused by ennui.

Crot. Rather the result of his studying too hard.

Doc. Studying produces no such effects. His headache is caused by his using hair-dye, his stomach-ache by his getting drunk. There, that's the sum and substance of your son's sickness.

Mrs C. Hair-dye? Drunk? My Clarence? Oh, this is too much.

(She sinks on the sofa and faints—Dolly rushes to attend her)

Crot. Now she has one of her spells again. O, you poor afflicted sick man.

Drops back into the arm chair, rings the hand-bell and takes a pill. Daisy attending on him.

Enter Dorothy with poodle-dog, L.

Dor. Good morning, dear doctor. My little Fido did not sleep the whole night. Can you not prescribe for him?

Doc. [loudly] Send for the veterinary surgeon, who doctors beasts, madam. I have ceased to be physician here. [exit, C. D.]

Dor. My dear little Fido a beast?

Betty. [appearing at R. I E.] The doctor gone?

John. [appearing at L. D.] Yes, thank God, now they will get well.

Tableau.—General excitement—Crotchet swallowing pills and yelling, with hand on left side—Daisy attending on him—Mrs. Crotchet recovered, putting her hands over her ears, and falling back screaming—Dorothy dropping her dog, stands stupidly in center of room, shaking her head—Betty and John at opposite doors, standing with hands upheld—Doctor seen disappearing at the back.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Barber's Shop, two doors at back, with sign, "Bathroom," on one to the right, and "Ladies' Hairdressing Parlor" on the one to the left. Two barber chairs, on rollers, to the right, facing mirrors, and shelves with shaving utensils on. Door and window, L. Counter with glass case on parallel with door—a large box, with cover on, seen behind counter. Hat-rack between the two back doors—table with newspapers on in the foreground—Frizzy, the barber, discovered honing a razor.

Frizzy. So Dunbrown is going to seize on my effects, eh? Well, let him—when the constable comes he won't find much to levy on. Was ever

man in such a blessed funk? Young, willing to work, and as good a barber as is in the city, if I do say it myself, that oughtn't to, here. I am without a pound, dunned almost to death by creditors, and threatened with an attachment of debt. [*noise heard*] Hark! The other outside door slammed to. Some old maid come to have the back of her neck shaved, I suppose. Well, I'll let her wait a minute, and she'll think I'm busy. There's no use letting folks know if you are ground down to the very edge. Confound the luck. [*he throws away the hone*]

Enter Betty from Ladies' Parlor.

Betty. [*aside*] Ah! There he is, the sweet-smelling, sleek-looking, dear. I feel just like running up and throwing my arms around his neck and kissing him—but of course that wouldn't do. It is best to be a little reserved, particular with lovers. Well, Mr. Frizzy, how are you to-day?

[*advancing
greeting her*]

Frizzy. Ah, is you, Betty?

Betty. It aren't no one else. Aren't you glad to see me?

Frizzy. Yes. But what brings you here?

Betty. O, missus sent me with the children to have their hair cut, and knowing you was the best barber, besides being a lov—, friend, I brought 'em 'ere.

Frizzy. Thank you. Where are they?

Betty. In the other room—the ladies' parlor. But I say, Frizzy, what for did you throw this thing away as I came in? [*picking up the hone*]

Frizzy. Oh, I was sighing.

Betty. Sighing, how?

Frizzy. Why, heaving a hone.

Betty. Heaving a hone? Oh, I see. [*sighing*] Ah-hone! But what is the trouble? It appears to me you're sort of blunt like.

Frizzy. Sharp rather, for 'like a razor I'm strapped.

Betty. Oh, out of soap, eh?

Frizzy. No, I have plenty of soap in the cupboard there.

Betty. Yes, I'm clean out of money: can't raise a sixpence with the razor, and what is worse, I'm expecting an attachment.

Betty. An attachment? Ahem! And who is the happy woman?

Frizzy. Not that kind of an attachment, thought I am rather drawn toward yourself, Betty—but I mean a seizure of my effects for debt. Dunbrown was just here after his bill for five pounds, and threatens if I don't pay to levy on my goods.

Betty. You don't mean to tell me you are bankrupt?

Frizzy. Yes, like a first-class clipper, which I am, I haven't found it smooth sailing of late, and getting into a strait, I have run aground, and will have to break up.

Betty. Is that the reason your poles are bare?

Frizzy. Yes, but they still show the red, white and blue.

Betty. So Dunbrown is going to take away all your brushes, combs, sponges and sweet smelling stuffs for debt, eh?

Frizzy. Such is the dull case, Betty; but I am afraid when the sheriff comes he'll find a clear case here, my assortment of toilet articles have lessened somewhat lately.

Betty. But I say, Frizzy, when you shut up your shop, what are you going to do then?

Frizzy. Commit suicide I suppose.

Betty. O, come now, Frizzy, don't talk so; what's the use of being down in the mouth—keep a stiff upper lip and hope for better days to come. Now, why don't you engage yourself as some gentleman's gentleman? You're so handy at fixing the men up, I should think you'd do well as a valet.

Frizzy. I've been thinking of it, Betty, I know I'm clever in that way,

though I don't suppose I would get much wages, still I'd be sure of getting decent garments as livery, which I don't have now.

Betty. Yes, those as have servants like to have them appear well dressed. Look at me—missus gives me all her old gowns, which are as good as new, being but little worn.

Frizzy. I thought you looked rather neat, as prim as a new suit of clothes.

Betty. That's because I'm *maid to order*, d'ye see?

Frizzy. I supposed seeing you were on hand at such short notice, that you were *ready made*.

Betty. That's not bad—but there—the children are getting impatient, restless things; I have to take a strap to them sometimes, to keep them quiet. So you see I am a barber as well as you, since we both *lather shavers*.

Frizzy. To the contrary we are opposites; you *raise the shavers to strap*, I *strap the razors to shave*. How's that?

Betty. Pretty good; now you're in better spirits, so come and cut the hair of the youngsters.

Frizzy. I'll get my shears and clip the lambs at once.

(exit both into Ladies' Parlor)

Enter Doctor Linton, L.

Doc. (hanging his hat on rack) Well, shall I have my beard shaved off or shall I not. To be sure it will make me look younger, besides being cooler, now then the warm weather is coming on. But I'll leave on my mustache, because I heard Miss Dolly say she admired a mustache on a man. I suppose because, practically, it feels so ticklish when he—ahem! [*looking around*] Hallo! Where is the barber? Around somewhere, I expect. [*looking into Ladies' Parlor*] Ah! there he is, busy, too, I see. Sorry, for I cannot wait my turn. [*looking at watch*] Half past twelve o'clock. Well, I'll visit a patient on the next street and come back, by that time he'll be disengaged. [*taking wrong hat*] Thank the Lord I have no imaginary invalids to call on to-day. [*exit front door*]

Enter Frizzy from Ladies' Parlor.

Frizzy. (looking around) Who was that came in and went off again? Some one in a hurry, I suppose, who seeing me busy didn't care to wait. Hallo, he's taken the wrong hat! Gone off with mine and left his. Well, he'll be back after it when he finds out his mistake.

Enter Betty from Ladies' Parlor.

Betty. What's the matter, Frizzy, you left so suddenly?

Frizzy. A customer came in, and not seeing me about went off again, and the joke is he has taken my hat instead of his own.

Betty. Which is the best? His—well then you aren't the loser by the operation.

Frizzy. This one is almost new. Ah, here is his name on the inside. Doctor G-a-l-e-n. What's that?

Betty. Let me see it. Doctor Galen Linton—why that's the fussy young physician that's been attending on the family I live with. Not much of a doctor, neither, at least he don't seem to be able to cure them, though he's visited them over a month. But to tell the truth, they aren't sick, they only think they are.

Frizzy. Diseased in the mind only, eh?

Betty. Yes, the old gentleman imagines he has the liver complaint, the missus she has had the neuralgia for six months—

Frizzy. Heh, I should think it would be *old ralgia* by this time.

Betty. The old maid aunt is deaf, and has a sick dog; the young master is kind of queer in the head, while the young miss and the neice are both lovesick, one with a bashful merchant, and the other with the doctor. As

a whole they are a strange set; still I have an easy place, so I don't complain; and this doctor he also had an easy thing getting a big fee for calling every day just to feel of their pulses.

Frizzy. But don't he prescribe any remedies for them?

Betty. No, not a receipt does he write.

Frizzy. I should think they would get tired paying for nothing.

Betty. As I said before, they only imagine they are sick, yet they have become very much dissatisfied with him, all but the neice, she likes to have him attend on her; the rest are going to try a new doctor, and have advertised for some one to cure them. Have you to-day's paper?

Frizzy. Yes, here it is. (handing paper)

Betty. Here's the advertisement. (reads) "Fifty pounds reward. Wanted a professor of medicine to attend on a family of invalids; apply in person with testimonials at Clarence Villa Clapham." I say, Frizzy, why don't you apply for the place?

Frizzy. Oh, impossible, Betty. In the first place I have no testimonials to show,

Betty. Write some yourself, and sign some big title to the paper, they won't know the difference.

Frizzy. But, Betty, some one might recognize me.

Betty. Oh, disguise yourself in a gray wig and beard, put on spectacles, dress yourself in a black coat and white collar and cravat, carry a gold-headed cane and snuff-box, and no one will ever recognize you.

Frizzy. But, Betty—

Betty. Make no excuses now, Frizzy, here is a chance to make a fortune, and you must take it. Leave all to me, and I will have you high physician to this family, or my name isn't Betty Bodkin.

Frizzy. And my barber shop—all my stock and fixtures?

Betty. Oh, leave them to your creditors; but first I'm going to help myself to a bottle of scent, may'nt I?

Frizzy. Take anything you like, Betty; look over the things and see what you want, meanwhile, I'll go and finish cutting the children's hair. (exit into Ladies' Parlor)

Betty. I don't see why he can't fill the position of doctor to the invalids as well as the other chap, who isn't half so clever. Poor, dear, Frizzy, he do be rather smart and so kind and gentleman-like. Just to think he said I might have what-some-ever I liked among his things. Let me see what there is left, anyhow. (opening case and taking out a nail brush) Ah, here's a baby's hair brush—I'll take that 'cause I might have use for it some day. (puts it in her pocket, then takes out a pot of pomade) And here's a jar of hair-grease, I'll take that. (pockets it and looks again) And here, what's this? (takes out a black bottle, labeled "Bay Rum") A black, bottle! B-a-y-r-u-m. O criket, Frizzy keeps something strong on hand I see; I believe I'll take a swallow, for I do feel sort of gone-like. (takes a swallow) Ah! it is snappy, and rather peculiar in taste. (staggering) Why, how funny I do feel in my head—all in a swim. (drops into a chair) I'll lollop in this chair a minute, and maybe the influence of the rum'll pass away.

(she drops asleep, holding bottle in her hand)

Enter Frizzy from Ladies' Parlor

Frizzy. I say, Betty, don't stay all day choosing—take what you want, and be done with it. (going to her) What, asleep? Hallo! how's this, my preparation that I use to make the beard grow! (taking bottle out of her hand) Well, this is a rum go for certain. Betty took a nip at what was in this bottle, thinking by the label it was rum, and now she's fell into a fit, what'll last at least an hour. But, lordy! what shall I do in case some customers should come? I have it—I'll roll her chair and all into the bath room, and leave her there till she comes to. (rools her in the chair into bath-room) Just in time, for I'm blessed if there isn't some one coming now.

Enter Clarence by front door

Clar. Ah! Frizzy, thats you, is it? How d'ye do?

Frizzy. Pretty well, at your service, sir.

(taking his hat and hanging it upon rack)

Clar. Well, Frizzy, if you will be so obliging, I would have you dye and shingle my hair.

Frizzy. With pleasure; please be seated, sir.

(pointing to chair and holding apron)

Clar. Ah, yes; and, Frizzy, please do the job so it won't show, and don't scorch my hair.

(sitting in the chair)

Frizzy. Certainly not; I always do my customers hair up sleek, sir, being a genuine tonsorial artist, if I do say it myself. (covering him with apron and lighting a curling iron lamp, then proceeding to ye his hair) But lordy, sir, how you do look!

Clar. Yes, I feel bad—but tell me, Frizzy, is there any sugar of lead or other injurious ingredient in your hair dye?

Frizzy. Why to be sure not, sir, who said there was?

Clar. I thought there was not, Frizzy, but you see Dr. Linton, the practitioner, who has been attending our family lately, declared that the fearful pain I have in my head was caused by using nostrums on my hair. Of course I denied using any, declaring the color and curl of my hair was natural, for it is none of his business if I do resort to artificial means to enhance my personal appearance.

Frizzy. Neither is it, sir, besides, he is an ass to say my "Raven-Lustre Liquid," contains anything what-some-ever deleterious or other wise injurious to the scalp.

(holding up the bottle proudly)

Clar. Well, never mind what Dr. Linton says—he is lacking both in brains and experience.

Frizzy. He must be, sir, to talk so about my world renowned preparation. Why, sir, I have been dyeing individually with it for the last ten years, and I am not dead yet.

Clar. I should think not, for if you are, you are a lively corpse, ha, ha! But I say Frizzy, that's a deucedly heathenish pun you made.

Frizzy. Why, how, sir?

Clar. Because it is a barbarous one. Ha-ha-ha.

Frizzy. Very good, sir; I see you are keen.

Clar. Yes, when you give me, like your shears, a good point, ha, ha, ha!

Frizzy. You mean when as your mustache, you are drawn out sharp; eh?

Clar. Yes, but now let your puns, like my mustache, be waxed to an end. Do not get off any more while you use the iron, for you make me laugh so I am afraid, you'll burn me.

Frizzy. (getting and using the iron) No danger, sir for ironically speaking, like the Turks, you stand fire at close quarters.

Clar. Yes, but be careful and not scorch my hair, for it does make such a deuced stink.

Frizzy. Nor touch those in the hair-em, for fear I might scare'em, and make'em all scatter, harem scarem, eh? (brandishing the curling tongs)

Clar. Now don't, Frizzy, attempt any more, for you make me feel so queer you do, brandishing the hot tongs the way you are.

Frizzy. It is rather a dangerous position you are in, sir, held in the chair the way you are; in fact, it is a chary one.

Clar. Pooh—that's a poor one—pooh.

Frizzy. Stop, sir, that isn't fair to steal my trade.

Clar. Steal your trade, Frizzy, how, man?

Frizzy. Why sham-pooning, sir.

Clar. You tra-duce me Frizzy.

Frizzy. And it's a bad game you play on words, with a tray and a deuce, sir, but hello, I'm blessed if there isn't the doctor coming!

Clar. (jumping out of the chair) Who, doctor Linton? For heaven's sake, let me hide somewhere, Frizzy, for I wouldn't have him see me here

for anything—quick, let me hide in this room. (*running to the bath-room*
Frizzy. (stopping him) O, lord no, sir; there's a woman I should say a man in there, taking a bath.

Clar. Here then?

(*going into Ladies' Parlor*

Frizzy. (holding him back) Not there, sir, some children I mean women, are in there.

Clar. Well, where? for I must hide some place. Such a turn I am in.

Frizzy. Here, hide here, sir. (*pointing to a box, into which Clarence gets*) Well, that was a close shave, for had he gone into the bath-room and seen Betty, or the young folks in the other room, I'd have been in a fix. I'm blessed if I arn't in one now; two hidden persons on my hands, and in danger of being discovered anytime. Betty is liable to wake up any minute, and the children—I will go and send them home, then come back to scrape acquaintance with my illustrious predecessor, as the books read, and soft soaping him, get all the information I can from him about his patients
 (*exit into Ladies' Parlor.*

Enter Doctor Linton at front door.

Doctor (looking about) Hello! Not back yet? Business must be good in this trade. I believe I'll leave doctoring and turn barber. I might as well shave others as to let them shave me. Well, time is short, and as the barber don't seem to be about, I'll run in and see Staple a few doors above here, and come back.

(*exit by front door*

Clar. (sticking his head up out of the box) I wonder if the doctor has gone? I heard the door shut as if some one had went out. Dare I venture out of my hole? Such an one, all old shaving papers, and hair clippings. I'll risk it. (*he steps out all covered with papers and hair*) Fury! such a mess I'm in, and where's Frizzy? O lordy, I hear him coming, talking to some one, and I wouldn't be seen this way for the world.

(*he gets back into the box as before*

Enter Frizzy.

Frizzy. What! Gone again? George, he must be hurried, that he can't wait a minute to get shaved. Yes, doctors have all the more to do when times are hard, for then we poor devils have to starve ourselves, and thereby get sick. Well, maybe I'll be a physician yet. Ah! there he comes back again—no, the young grocer, that keeps a few doors from here. Walk in, sir.

Enter Staple, front door.

Staple. Well, mister barber, I would like a nice clean shave.

Frizzy. With pleasure, sir—please be seated.

(*pointing to chair and holding apron*

Staple. Ah, yes. (*taking chair, Frizzy putting on the apron*) And as soon as possible, please, for I am in somewhat of a hurry.

Frizzy. As quick as I can run the razor over your face.

(*pauses, during which Frizzy lathers his faces*

Staple. (jumping out of the chair) Oh, stop. I forgot to tell my clerk where I had gone. I will go and do so and return immediately—wait.

(*wipes off his face and exit, front door*

Frizzy. Wait? Yes that's it! Very well, I can for I'm a good waiter, as well as barber. Waiting is the principal part of every man's life—every one waits. First, our parents wait for us to be born; then we are waited on by them; later, we wait to become of age, then we wait on our sweethearts who tell us to wait until we get older, and when we get old we tire of being waited on, and wait to die—and here is the person I wait for—

Enter Staple at front door.

Staple. (taking the chair) Well, now I am ready, proceed.

Frizzy. (*fixing on the apron*) At once, sir.

(*pause—during which he again lathers and commences to shave him*)

Staple. How is trade, barber?

Frizzy. Dull, sir.

Staple. Ouch! I should think your razor is, too.

Frizzy. Sharp, rather, sir.

Staple. But it draws.

Frizzy. The more reason to think it sharp, sir, for you must allow in business it is only the sharp ones that draw.

Enter Doctor at front door.

Doc. Good morning, Staple.

Staple. Ah, Doctor! Well, how goes it at Crotchet's?

Doc. Humph! It is all over with Crotchet.

Staple. (*starting*) Is he dead?

Doc. To me, yes.

Staple. (*jumping out of the chair and wiping his face*) What do you mean? What is the matter?

Doc. What can be the matter with one who has to encounter all kinds of difficulties. I have determined to lay aside my medicine case.

Frizzy. (*aside*) How very lucid he is.

Staple. But you promised to speak for me—what success did you have on my affair?

Doc. What success can you expect me to have in speaking to a person who will not talk of anything but his imaginary illness; who will not be approached on any sane subject? In short, I got enraged—he insulting. I more enraged—enough, we parted enemies.

Staple. Don't say that, doctor. I have written to Clarence, Villa Clapham, telling him what good friends we were.

Doc. Very good.

Frizzy. (*aside*) Clarence, Villa Clapham? Let me see, why that's the address of the invalid advertiser.

Staple. Come, don't stand there like a mule. What are you a doctor for but to counsel and advise? You are downcast—so am I. (*drops into the chair*)

Doc. From this time forth my acting by proxy ceases.

Frizzy. (*holding up apron*) If you please, sir

Staple. What do you wish?

Frizzy. To finish shaving you.

Staple. Good gracious, am I not shaved yet?

Frizzy. No, I only had the pleasure of lathering you twice.

(*putting on the apron again*)

Staple. (*to Doctor*) Excuse me.

Doc. Certainly.

Frizzy. I will be through in a moment, sir.

(*pause—during which Frizzy again lathers him*)

Enter John with letter.

John. Is there a Mr. Staple in here?

Doc. Yes.

John. Well, I have a letter for him from Mr. Crotchet.

Staple. My answer. (*jumps out of chair and rushes with lather and apron on to lean on the Doctor*) Now, friend, sustain me.

Doc. (*pushing him off*) Not quite so close, please.

Staple. Why? Oh, yes. (*wiping his face and throwing off apron*) Let me have it. (*takes and reads letter*) Oh, oh! (*drops into chair*)

Frizzy. (*aside*) There, that seems to have settled him. I will try once more. (*holding apron*) Allow me.

Staple. Oh, go to the devil! (*shoves him off and hands letter to Doctor*) Here, read.

Frizzy. (aside) I was too near him. Well, I will leave them and go and see how Betty is getting along. It is about time for her to awake, and I would not like to have her come out while these lunatics are here.

(exit into bath room)

Staple. Well, what say you?

Doc. Like that barber's tool, it is blunt, yet pointed. I am sorry I am the cause of it. You will have to form a friendship for the new doctor.

John. (advancing) Oh, dear, sir, if they only had one now. They are experimenting on each other, so that I tremble for the consequences.

Doc. And how does Miss Dolly get along?

Staple. Let me speak, if you please. This concerns me and my affair. *(to John)* How can I gain an interview with your master, or better still his daughter.

John. Heh! I don't know.

(shrugging his shoulders)

Doc. (aside, sitting in the chair) What a stupid thing a man is when not practical. *(calling out to John)* John, Mr. Staple keeps extra fine cigars.

John. Is that so? Well, I will consider about your question, sir.

Staple. (giving him a couple of cigars) Then consider it at once, John.

John. (accepting them) I have an idea already, sir. Listen—my master is at present treating himself with baths. Monday he takes a shower bath, Tuesday a sponge bath, Wednesday a salt water bath, Thursday a pine-tar bath, Friday an herb bath, and to-morrow, Saturday, he goes out to get a Russian sweat bath.

Doc. (aside) Heaven strengthen him!

John. And if you come to the house to-morrow noon the ladies will be alone to receive you. I will give them a hint that you are coming.

Staple. All right, dear John, that is all I desire. Here—*(handing him more cigars)* Do tell them I am coming.

John. Yes, sir, and if I find these cigars are fine I will buy all I smoke from you.

(exit front door)

Doc. (aside) What strange methods a man follows who is impractical. Dealing in love, he thereby increases his trade. *(rising)* Now Staple do me this favor—be practical, and go about your love-pursuits in a business like way.

Staple. Rest assured that to-morrow I will attempt it.

Doc. How?

Staple. A few days ago I had a balance sheet made out, I will take that along with me. What do you think of it?

Doc. A capital idea. In one hand your love, in the other your balance sheet. You should take a clergyman along, too. Ha, ha ha!

Staple. There you go, poking fun at me again.

Doc. Now listen, that is all unnecessary. The main point is to soften the old fellow—do that.

Staple. Well, I will go and make arrangements to do so.

Doc. And I say, do a favor for me at the same time, see how Miss Dolly is getting along.

Staple. I will, but it seems to me you are getting soft on her.

(exit front door)

Doc. I do believe I am. Oh, pshaw! it is only sympathy for her in suffering. Where is the barber gone? I think I will have my beard taken off, but not my mustache, since Dolly admires men with mustaches. Ah, here he comes.

Enter Frizzy from bath room.

—Now, barber, I wish to have my beard taken off.

Frizzy. Very well, sir. And your mustache?

Doc. I said my beard, I believe.

Frizzy. Will you please be seated, sir.

(pointing to the chair and holding the apron)

Doc. I do not expect you to shave me standing, and see and cover me well so that the hair will not fall on my clothes. (*taking the chair, and Frizzy putting the apron on him, tying it down*) But you need not choke me.

Frizzy. (*aside*) I have tied him in so he won't serve me as the other fool did. This here doctor is a crusty sort of a cove anyhow. If I should cut him half as short as he answers me he'd wince a bit. I'll give him the paper to read while I go and see how Betty is, and maybe he'll be better natured after he reads that advertisement. (*getting paper and offering it to him*) Seen to-day's paper, sir.

Frizzy. No, let me look at it. (*taking hold of it through apron*)

Frizzy. There you are sir, and excuse me while I go and get some hot water. (*exit into bath room*)

Doc. That man has got more cheek than a beard will grow on, yet I answered him close enough, closer than his blunt razor will shave me. (*reads*) The devil! So they've advertised for some one else to doctor them, the imaginary sick fools. If I'd drug them to death they'd rest easy, but because I refuse to prescribe, except in urgent cases, they find fault. If it wasn't for Dolly—bless her fond heart—I'd poison them—now they'll have some quack to do it. Well, I will not disgrace my profession for them, so if they are malpracticed on they must bear the blame and suffer the consequences.

Enter Frizzy from bath room, whipping lather in a mug.

Frizzy. (*aside*) I wonder how he feels now? Smoother than his face, I hope.

Doc. (*throwing down paper*) Well, did you return?

Frizzy. Sorry to keep you waiting, but the water was not quite hot enough.

Doc. Then don't be standing there all day frothing in the mug like a mad dog.

Frizzy. Eh? Oh, ha, ha! Very good joke, sir.

Doc. I never joke.

Frizzy. Doctor I believe, sir?

Doc. Yes.

Frizzy. (*lathering his face*) Many sick folks now, sir?

Doc. No.

Frizzy. I saw in the paper this morning an advertisement of some invalids for a doctor.

Doc. Did you?

Frizzy. Yes.

Doc. Then why don't you answer it?

Frizzy. Me? (*aside, strapping the razor*) Gad, I think I will follow his advice.

Doc. (*aside*) He would just suit them.

Frizzy. By the way, sir, would you like to buy a fine Turkish tooth-brush?

Doc. No.

Frizzy. Nor any fine toilet soaps?

Doc. No.

Frizzy. Would you like some—

Doc. No— (*pause, during which Frizzy shaves him*)

Frizzy. (*aside, again trapping the razor*) Confound the curt churl. But I'll give him a dab, not with my razor, but my tongue. Did you say you would like a bath, sir?

Doc. Do I look dirty?

Frizzy. Would you like your ears clipped shorter?

Doc. Have my ears clipped? Do you mean to insinuate that they are too long? That I am an ass?

Frizzy. Beg pardon, I meant your hair.

Doc. Say what you mean then. But are you not almost through?

Frizzy. With this side, sir.

Doc. Then make haste and finish the other, for I have something to do besides spending my time letting you sharpen your dull hoe on my face.

Frizzy. I work as fast as I can, sir. Should I shave faster I might cut you.

Doc. You'd better not.

Frizzy. There's the other door. Ladies, sir. Excuse me, I will receive them and return at once. *(knocking heard)*
(exit into Ladies' Parlor)

Doc. Then go and see that you do. That man has nothing but dandruff in his head. No brains at any rate—his wits as thick as his soap suds. Hark! women's voices! I declare, Dolly and her cousin. Surely they won't enter by this door—and, heavens! what a sight I am. That confounded fool has left me in a pretty state. Gracious! fastened in the chair, too, unable to move. Should Dolly see me looking as I do, like a baboon, with one side of my beard shaved off, she'd hate me ever after. But what shall I do. Here they are for certain. I'll cover my head over and maybe they won't observe me. *(drawing his head down under the apron)*

Enter Miss Dolly and Miss Daisy at front door.

Daisy. This is the barber shop—now where is the doctor?

Dolly. But cousin we should have gone in by the other door, the one for ladies, as we started to.

Daisy. No, they said in the barber's, and as I am determined to see the doctor to get him to explain that letter to dear Staple—this is the place.

Dolly. Dear doctor, I should like to see him too. But, cousin, there doesn't seem to be anybody about.

Daisy. No shop-keeper? He must be in the other room.

Dolly. Let us go and see. *(exit into Ladies' Parlor)*

Doc. *(bobbing out his head)* Thank heaven they are gone. Now if I only could get loose from this apron—useless. Oh, if the barber—curses on him—would only come back alone and release me. But there, what's that? Them returning? Now I am doomed, sure. *(drawing his head under again)*

Enter Betty from bath room.

Betty. *(yawning)* Ow-hum! Gracious, where am I? *(rubbing her eyes)* Ah, I remember, I drank some of Frizzy's rum and got fuddled. But how came I in that room? Oh! I dropped asleep in the chair, and I suppose Frizzy rolled me there in it, out of the way. *(pressing her head)* Je-ru-salem! how my head aches. It must be the old stuff that Frizzy keeps. Where is he, I wonder? In the other room I expect, clipping the children yet. *(looking in door of Ladies' Parlor)* What! young miss and her cousin in there with him? It is good I awoke the time I did. I'll go out this way and stay awhile, to get my head cooled, then come in the other door and pretend I went shopping while the youngsters were having their hair cut. *(exit front door)*

Clar. *(looking out of the box)* There, the door shut again, as if some one went out. I wonder if it was the doctor. I'll step out of my nest and look. *(getting out of box cautiously)* This room is vacant, who is in the other with Frizzy, for I hear voices. *(looking into door of Ladies' Parlor)* Heavens! Dolly and Daisy, and they suppose I am at home in bed sick. O, lordy, I am in a stew—a box one, sure enough. *(getting back into box hastily)*

Enter Frizzy from Ladies' Parlor.

Frizzy. The sister and cousin of the young snob in the box, the two missuses of Betty in the bath room, and a pair of patients of the doctor—but where is he? Gone, and only half shaved? Surely not—he has hidden somewhere. My gracious, not in the bath room I hope. I must look.

(going toward the bath room)

Doc. (bobbing his head up again) Well, man, a devil of a state you left me in.

Frizzy. Sorry, sir. I humbly beg pardon, sir. I a—

Doc. Oh stop your apologies—undo this thing and free me.

Frizzy. (unfastening the apron) Yes, sir! Certainly, sir. But if you please, sir, there do be some ladies in the other room who desire to see you.

Doc. (jumping out of chair) I know it, plague on 'em, but I wouldn't have them see me this way for a fortune. How long will it take you to finish shaving me?

Frizzy. Five minutes at the most, sir. (aside) Oh lordy, I'm all in a tremble; I'll be sure to cut him. But, sir, they are coming in here again.

Doc. Well, then, I will go the way I am.

(going)

Frizzy. If you go out in the street looking that way, sir, the policeman will nab you for an escaped lunatic.

Doc. Well, hide me then, until they go—haste.

Frizzy. Yes, sir.

Doc. Where, in this room?

(going into bath room)

Frizzy. My lor' no sir, there's a woman—I mean a man, in there, taking a bath, sir.

Doc. Where then? Here, behind the counter?

(going toward the box)

Frizzy. No, no, not there; you'll get all dirt there.

Doc. Then, tell me where, for heaven's sake?

Frizzy. As you was before, sir, in the chair.

Doc. Well, cover me quick, and get rid of the ladies as soon as the devil will let you.

(getting back into the chair, Frizzy covers him)

Enter Dolly and Daisy from Ladies' Parlor.

Daisy. Is the doctor here, barber?

Frizzy. Yes, miss—I mean, no, miss—that is, he was, but isn't.

Daisy. Where is he then?

Dolly. Gone I presume, and I did so want to ask him about my poor heart.

Daisy. And I too, to ask him about my sweetheart, but I do not believe he has gone.

Dolly. No, he has not, for here is his hat.

(showing it)

Frizzy. (aside) O lordy; what shall I say? No, miss, he has not gone for good, he has only stepped in next door for a minute or so.

Daisy. Ah! well then, we will wait.

Dolly. I will sit down if you please.

(pointing to chair)

Frizzy. Yes, miss—no, miss, that is, no not this chair, it is broken and will not stand your weight. I'll get you one from the other room. (aside) Such a funk! now they'll stay for him to come back, and what-some-ever will I do?

Dolly. Are you going after a chair, barber?

Frizzy. I forgot, miss, but they are all stationary, fastened to the floor.

Dolly. Well, have you no others?

Frizzy. Yes, miss, I have one in this room.

(pointing to bath room)

Dolly. Get it then, for I am tired.

Frizzy. In a second, miss. (aside) O lordy! worse and worse. Betty is asleep on the chair in there.

Dolly. I see you do not bring it, so I will go and get it myself.

(going towards bath room)

Frizzy. (pulling her back) Oh! no, miss, you musn't go in there. I forgot but there's a naked man in there.

Dolly. (screaming) Ow! ow! you horrid wretch! Why did you not say so before? Did you ever? Come, cousin, let us go.

Daisy. No, dear, I will wait here until the doctor comes back, if I die in doing so.

(walking slowly up and down)

Dolly. But, Daisy, we can't stand up—I'm like to drop with fatigue. (to Frizzy) Have you no box, or something that we can sit down on?

Daisy. Yes, my dear, there is an empty box behind the counter, fetch it out, mister.

Dolly. So there is; I'll get it. *(going toward the box)*

Frizzy. No, no, miss, you musn't, it's all nasty, and won't do to sit down on.

Dolly. What shall we do then?

Frizzy. Well, miss, if you're bound to wait here, why-a-I'll go and borrow a chair.

Daisy. Why not go and tell the doctor we are here waiting for him?

Frizzy. Yes, miss, I will. *(aside)* But suppose while I am gone they look at the chair or the box? No danger of them going into the bath room; but suppose Betty should wake up and come out—O lordy I am, as my lather-brush often is, in *hot* water, sure.

Dolly. I thought you were going to find the doctor?

Frizzy. Yes, miss, in a minute; as soon as I can get my hat.

Dolly. Make haste then.

Frizzy. I'm off. *(going to front door, aside)* Hello! what's that? A wagon drawn up to the door, and two men getting down from the seat. I'm blessed if it aren't the sheriff's officers and a carman come to seize on my effects. Gracious! they might lay hands on me, also, and put me into limbo for debt. I'll leave the others to get out of the fix they're in the best way they can. *(exit by Ladies' Parlor door)*

Enter Constable and Man.

Constable. Here are the goods, and—Hello, no one around to dispute my authority. Well, man, go to work, seize what ever you can lay your hands on, and carry them off. *(the man takes away the counter and case)*

Dolly. Heavens! Cousin! Here are some rude men who talk of seizing and carrying us off.

Daisy. Let them try to carry me off, they will find they have their hands full.

Constable. Ah, ladies, eh! No disrespect to you, madams or misses, but you see, I have authority to take forcible possession of everything here.

Dolly. But we do not belong here, we are waiting for the barber who has gone out just for a moment.

Constable. Can't help it, miss, my warrant gives me the lawful right to everything in this place.

Dolly. Come, cousin, let us depart.

Daisy. Never, until the doctor comes.

(folding her arms and walking up and down)

Constable. Carry out this rubbish, man.

Dolly. Don't dare lay hands on me, I'll scream.

Constable. No offense to you, miss, what's in this box.

Clar. *(jumping out of the box)* Just put a finger on me, and I'll knock you down. *(drawing it out)*

Dolly. Why—who-whats that? A man! oh, oh, oh!

(faints and falls into the doctor's lap who clasps her in his arms)

Daisy. *(rushing to her)* Poor, dear Dolly. Gracious the chair is alive! What's this. *(pulling down the apron from the Doctor's face)* Ah-ah-ah! Catch me, I faint.

Falling back into the arms of Clarence, who staggers back knocks the man seat foremost into the box.

Clar. The Doctor?

Doc. The devil!

Constable. Well, this is what you may call going for effects after a fashion—ha, ha, ha!

Tableau.—Doctor in the chair holding Dolly in his lap fainted. Clarence holding up Daisy also in a faint; Mun kicking up his heels in the box; Constable laughing heartily.

ACT III.

SCENE—The same as in act first. Dolly and Daisy discovered.

Daisy. This is dreadful! Not a soul to give me a bit of consolation.

Dolly. Ah, ah! my moping canary bird. Whose wings are drooping now?

Daisy. I have good cause for it. Just think of sending poor Staple that insulting letter. How angry he will be with papa.

Dolly. Yes, and the poor Doctor, too—

Daisy. Oh, go way with your Doctor. He is the cause of it all. Couldn't he have avoided that scene about the prescriptions? Then, to think of that disgraceful affair in the barber shop, his leaving us both insensible with no one to attend on us but poor Clarence—he is a brute.

Dolly. He isn't. He acted in both cases as becomes a gentleman. But what affects you so?

Daisy. You undoubtedly do not know how a person feels, when separated from their love.

Dolly. Oh, yes I do.

(sighing)

Daisy. You? At the most what you have learned out of books; but you, yourself have never suffered; you do not know what it is to love.

Dolly. Oh, yes.

(sighing)

Daisy. Yes?

Dolly. (confused) That is a little—but we were talking of the Doctor. You cannot deny that he is a talented entertaining person.

Daisy. (observing her) Oh! So?

Dolly. (acting excitedly) Sometimes a little brusque, but with a heart of such large capacity. Has he not always shown himself a warm friend to the family? No, I will hear nothing against him, for I am convinced, that with him all the love has departed from this house.

Daisy. Phew! You are all fire and flame! He—ho! so this is the cause of your heart-beating? Ah, you shy puss!

Dolly. I? What do you mean?

(frightened)

Daisy. Oh, nothing; but I believe I have got into your secret.

Dolly. But—Daisy, you—a—

Daisy. There—I do not wish to force it from you, and not another word shall I say against the Doctor. But now you must assist me to gain papa over. He did treat him too badly, poor Staple. I declare it is shocking.

Dolly. And the poor Doctor, also, it is shameful.

(sobbing)

Daisy. Never mind, Dolly. (sob) Hence-forth—(sob)—we; will—(sob)—stand by—(sob)—each other.

Dolly. Each—(sob)—to each—(sob)—a faith—(sob)—ful brother.

Daisy. By no—(sob)—hard troubl—(sob)—les dis—(sob)—united.

Dolly. For ev—(sob)—er still—(sob)—in friend—(sob)—ship plighted.

Both. Boo—hoo! hoo—hoo—hoo?

(they fall on each others shoulders crying)

Enter Mrs. Crotchet and Dorothy knitting, L. D.

Mrs C. Oh, my nerves! What's the matter? Why do you both cry?

Daisy. O dear! [sob] How unhappy we both are. Boo—hoo—hoo!

Mrs C. What for?

Dolly. Because we have no doctor. Boo, hoo—hoo!

Mrs C. You dear, good children. I thank you for your sympathy. Yes, it is very sad, certainly, but with heaven's help, we will get another—

(crying)

Dor. [laying down her knitting] I cannot hear, but when I see tears I have to cry, too, boo—hoo—hoo!

[joining in the crying]

Enter Crotchet L. D.

Crot. Why, what is the matter? What are you all crying for?

Dor. Yes, it is rather rainy weather to-day.

All. [together] Boo—hoo, boo—hoo—hoo—hoo!

Crot. I want to know what you are crying for?

All. [together] Boo—hoo, boo—hoo—hoo—hoo!

Crot. Are you all crazy?

Daisy. If it was nothing more serious! Boo—hoo—hoo!

Dolly. Poor uncle, boo—hoo—hoo!

Mrs C. Poor husband, Boo, hoo, hoo!

Crot. Will I ever find out what has happened?

Mrs C. Is it not sad, that in this our trouble, we are so helpless and forsaken? Boo—hoo—hoo!

Dolly. Without a doctor.

Daisy. (aside) And without a merchant, boo—hoo—hoo!

Crot. Calm yourselves—we'll soon have another one. He is not the only doctor in the world, boo—hoo—hoo! (falling on his wife's shoulder and crying

Enter John, ushering in Frizzy, disguised, c. d.

John. Professor Playfair Drakevoice.

(exit, c. d.

Crot. Professor Playfair Drakevoice? Ah! very likely an applicant from my advertisement. Welcome, sir.

(greeting him

Frizzy. It is with pleasure I have the honor of entering this afflicted house, with the firm conviction that with my skill and other natural attainments, as well as my medical qualifications, I can succeed in alleviating your sufferings, and restore your health to its former condition.

Crot. Indeed, Professor, you are welcome.

Frizzy. I consider myself fortunate, that on my arrival from America, I have a favorable opportunity of putting to practice the knowledge I have gained, in relieving from their great distress a wretched family.

Mrs C. Wretched?

Frizzy. I mean wretched as regards your bodily condition, madam.

Crot. Yes, that is certainly wretched. There is no ailment which I have not experienced.

Frizzy. (shaking head) Is that so? Is that so?

Crot. I ail mainly with hardening of the liver; and I have also asthma, catarrh, congestion, indigestion, inflammation, and all kinds of fevers.

Frizzy. Have you no other complaint?

Crot. Oh, yes, only I cannot remember them all.

Mrs C. And my whole nervous system is shattered.

Frizzy. You do look rather shattered, madam.

Mrs C. And I suffer day and night, with the most excruciating pains in my head. I am very sick.

Frizzy. You feel well otherwise?

Mrs C. Otherwise, quite well.

Frizzy. And these young ladies, I hope they are both sick—I mean well?

Daisy. Yes, thank heaven, we are both well. (exit with Dolly, R. 1 E.

Frizzy. I am very sorry—I should say glad.

Dor. (to Crotchet) Is this the piano tuner?

Crot. (loudly) This is Professor Drakevoice.

Dor. Ah! I am pleased to see you, sir.

Frizzy. (loudly) I also to see you, madam. (to Crotchet) The lady is deaf?

Crot. Yes.

Frizzy. Slanting forehead to the left is always a sign of deafness; for that I have an excellent remedy.

Crot. Ah! have you?

Frizzy. Deafness is caused by a looseness of the skin over the drum of the ear. You apply old cognac, that causes it to become tight, the hearing is fully restored. *Propatum est.*

Crot. Wonderful, indeed!

Frizzy. I have hundreds of such remedies, each one more *propatum est* than the other.

Crot. (*aside*) He appears to be a most learned man. Please be seated, sir. (*pointing to chair*)

Frizzy. (*sitting*) Thank you.

Crot. You are a professor?

(*sitting beside him*)

Frizzy. Yes, sir, from a medical scientific standpoint. I graduated in America and practiced there, until recently called here by an influential patient to perform an operation for Ophthalmia, and at the same time to see what progress my English colleagues had made, yet, I find them practicing as heretofore.

Crot. Then you have an entirely new method of healing over there?

Frizzy. Most assuredly, sir. You see health and sickness are the two factors of the human system, which, through opposition, excite, and are productive of pain; now these factors can only be pacified by intervention, which I bring about by the use of strong and powerful medicines, called mediators, that serves to arouse and originate reaction, whereby I am enabled to establish a perpetual cessation of hostilities between the two forces, or what we call in Latin *hors de combat*.

Crot. What does that mean?

Frizzy. What, on account of the clumsiness of the English language, you would call *horse fight*.

Crot. But, if the patient can't endure the reaction?

Frizzy. Then he dies; but that seldom happens.

Crot. The matter demands natural reflection, but, will you have the goodness to examine my condition?

(*holding on his hand and stretching out his tongue*)

Mrs C. Mine also, professor.

(*doing the same*)

Frizzy. Not necessary; I know them already, I saw what ailed you at the first glance, a greenish-yellow complexion, with a purplish nose, and sunken eyes, are sure symptoms of hardening of the liver, and with you, madam.—(*to Mrs C.*)—a soft ethereal look, drooping eyebrows, and swollen eyelids, those are evidences of *nervo rerum*.

Mrs C. Can you get rid of it?

Frizzy. Oh, yes, madam, I once extracted the entire nerves from a wealthy lady in Boston, and substituted a set of very fine cat-gut strings.

Mrs C. Impossible! If that were the case, a person could live without nerves.

Frizzy. Of course, certainly, madam. You see life flows from the heart through the arteries, which has no connection whatever with the nerves, but, only with the stomach, hence a casual removal of the nerves would only cause an affection of the mucous membrane of the diaphragm.

Crot. But, I also suffer in the spleen.

Frizzy. With your permission. (*pulls out a big watch and feels his pulse*) Yes, your pulse is somewhat spleeny. (*pokes him in the side*)

Crot. (*yelling*) Ow, ow!

Frizzy. (*again poking him*) Does that hurt?

Crot. (*again yelling*) Ow, ow!

Frizzy. Proof positive symptom of pain.

Crot. Do you see what my complaint is?

Frizzy. Certainly; your beard does not please me either, the barber has quite mutilated it. What donkey shaves you?

Crot. I shave myself.

Frizzy. (*confused*) Oh, then be very cautious. You should powder. I powder all my customers when I shave them.

Crot. Do you shave as well as doctor?

Frizzy. (*aside, taking snuff out of big box*) Thunder and lightning! I almost put my foot in it! (*aloud*) Only in extreme cases of fever. (*rising*) But now I must prescribe some thing for you.

Crot. (*rubbing his hands*) Oh, yes, yes, do—here is pen ink and paper. (*pointing to table*)

Frizzy. (*seating himself at the table and writing*) First of all, twenty-five pounds of Camillum.

Mrs C. Camillum?

Frizzy. Yes, in English, Chamomile tea.

Crot. But such a quantity.

Frizzy. Twenty-five pounds—a quarter of a hundred. By wholesale you can get it cheaper. You should always combine the economical with the useful. (continues writing)

Dor. He is prescribing; now I will get my Fido. (exit, L. D.)

Crot. Why, Professor, it appears to me your prescription is very long.

Frizzy. (laying down pen) Yes; you see the old school doctors prescribe altogether too little. How can it be effectual? A good prescription should always consist of six parts, namely: first, the efficatum; second, the ad-ducatum; third, sacharatum—

Crot. Sacharatum?

Frizzy. Yes, in English, the sweetener, white sugar; fourth, the dilutum, pure liquor to dilute; fifth, coloratum, that added to give it color: and sixth and last, assimulatam, the mixer. (he writes)

Crot. (aside to Mrs C.) He is the man!

Mrs C. Yes, how very lucid he makes everything.

Frizzy. (handing Crotchet a long prescription) There.

Crot. (aside, reading it) "Six table spoonsfull every hour." That is something like a dose.

Frizzy. (giving Mrs. C. one) And this for you, madam.

Crot. And can I have some linament, dear Professor?

Frizzy. To rub on? Yes, I will at once prescribe something for you to rub on. (writes again)

Mrs C. And for me, also.

Frizzy. Certainly—there, and there. (giving each another prescription)

Mrs C. And may I have some pills? I can take pills so easily.

Crot. Yes, and I, too. (calling) John, John!

Frizzy. Pills you can have. Is there anything further?
(again writing and giving them paper)

Enter Dorothy with poodle dog, L. D.

Dor. Professor, will you please prescribe for my poor Fido? He has such a hot nose.

Frizzy. (taking the dogs paw) Show your tongue. There.

Dor. Then you understand how to treat dogs?

Frizzy. (loudly) Certainly. [aside] Except in cases where they come before me as sausage.

Dor. Sausage? No, he hasn't eaten any.

Frizzy. (loudly) Salt sitz-bath. (aside) The old woman must have been applying Cognac.

Dor. Thank you. I will go give him one. (exit, L. D.)

Enter John, C. D.

John. Did you call me, sir?

Crot. Yes, go immediately to the druggist, and hurry—but no, stop—to *Frizzy*, after handing *John* the prescription) And there is our son, Professor.

Mrs C. Yes, our Clarence is troubled with a difficulty of the stomach and head.

Frizzy. I will prescribe for him. (about to write)

Crot. Don't you wish to see him first?

Frizzy. See him? Well, it is not neccessary, yet it will do no harm. Shall we go? (exeunt Frizzy, preceded by Mr. and Mrs. C., L. D.)

John. Jemini Crickey! (looking at the prescription) I hope they have enough prescriptions. I will have to take Betty along to help me carry them.

Enter Betty, R. 1 E.

—Oh, here you are, Betty, just in time; I was about going to find you.

Betty. And what for, pray, mister foolishness?

John. Why, you see the master has just given me some prescriptions to take to the apothecary's to have filled.

Betty. Well, what has that got to do with me.

John. Why, you see they are so long, and so many of them, that I thought you had perhaps better go along with me, to help carry them home.

Betty. Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort; you can go yourself, and if you can't bring all the drugs the first time, go the second.

John. But I thought perhaps you would like to go for a walk, seeing I was going alone.

Betty. Oh, you did? Well, let me tell you that I won't be seen walking the street with every common footman. I am very choice in the company I keep.

John. Oh, you are? Yes, I think I did see you talking the other day to that barber what keeps a shop on Holborn.

Betty. Well, isn't he respectable?

John. For all I know, but then you are such an uncommonly fine girl that I thought you might find genteeler company.

Betty. (*dusting a magnetic battery on the table*) I choose my company—you choose yours.

John. That's what I want to; and now, Betty, if you will only listen to me, I'll tell you what I tried to when we were interrupted the other morning. You know, Betty, I have always had a sort of liking for you, but I couldn't make up my mind to—

Betty. (*hitting him with dust brush*) Oh, quit your foolishness. Go off on the errand the master sent you on. You are always complaining of nothing to do, now—

John. (*again edging up to her*) Ah, now, Betty, don't.

Betty. (*cuffing him*) I'll give you a box on the side of the—

John. A box? I say, Betty, what is that peculiar looking box you are dusting. (*pointing to battery*)

Betty. A galvanic battery of the masters, for magnetism.

John. Maggets in him? Lord! Has he?

Betty. No, no! Electricity.

John. Oh! And how does he work it?

Betty. I doesn't know exactly; but he takes hold of one of these handles—(*showing him*)—while some one takes hold of the other, then he pushes in that pin there and something runs tickling all through him.

John. How very strange! Let us try it.

Betty. Very well. You take that handle—(*gives him one*)—and I'll take this. (*taking the other*) There, now push in that pin a little.

John. That way? (*pointing to the pin*)

Betty. A little more. (*pushing the pin a little way*)

John. So much? (*pushing it in a little more*)

Betty. Still more.

John. There, how is that? (*pushing it almost all in*)

Betty. O, pshaw, you don't push it in far enough; let me.

She takes hold of his free hand to draw it away, and in doing so, completes the circuit.

John. O, lordy! Oh, oh, oh!

(*dancing and yelling*)

Betty. Ow, ha, ha! Ow, ha, ha!

Laughing and crying at the same time, until after efforts they succeed in getting asunder, when John runs off, and Betty throws herself on the sofa, laughing heartily.

Enter Frizzy, cautiously, L. D.

Frizzy. Why, Betty, what's the row?

Betty. Oh, dear! Why, you see John and me was meddling with the master's battery, and going off all of a sudden, it gave us such a shock.

Frizzy. You are always getting somebody in a fix. A nice one I'm in. In the language of my trade it will be a *close shave* if it aren't a *bad scrape*. Oh, what for did you advise me to assume the part of a doctor?

Betty. Why?

Frizzy. Because, here I have got cast into a plot, out of which I never can get without losing my character as a barber.

Betty. Nonsense, *Frizzy*! You act your part splendidly, and no one would ever imagine you was anything but a regular professional.

Frizzy. Yes, but I can't play physician always; I will surely be found out soon, and what then?

Betty. Why, you're so talented, go on the stage.

Frizzy. Heh! Drive an omnibus? That would be a coming down!

Betty. No, I mean a theatre—stage, as a play actor. (*strutting up and down gesticulating theatrically*) And then, just think, I could sit in a private box as a dead-head, and, looking through an opera-glass, admire you walking the boards, speaking as if inspired by the gods—

Frizzy. In the gallery.

Betty. And alternately causing the spell-rapt audience to—

Frizzy. Leave their seats.

Betty. Be moved to tears—

Frizzy. In rows, one above an other.

Betty. And smiles—

Frizzy. At the bar, between the acts.

Betty. And then, when the curtain falls, to be called—

Frizzy. A deuced fraud.

Betty. Out by thundering applause and be—

Frizzy. Rotten egged.

Betty. Bow to a sea of upturned faces before you. There, what do you think of that, *Frizzy*, as a picture of your glorious future.

Frizzy. It sounds all well enough, but, *Betty*, it would only be make believe, not real. I wish I was back in my shop on Holborn, shaving faces for a sixpence—they are the kind of upturned faces I like.

Betty. Then what will I do if you are found out, since I, too, will be sent off.

Frizzy. Why-a-Betty, if you can't do anything else, come and be Mistress *Frizzy*, to live back of the shop and wash towels for me.

(*taking her around the waist*)

Betty. Ah! that would be better than waiting on nervous sick folks.

(*they walk up and down, arm in arm*)

Frizzy. Or sit in a private box looking at me making a show of myself—but hark! Is not that somebody coming?

Betty. Yes, let us get out of the way, for it would not do for us to be seen together.

(*exeunt, L. D.*)

Enter Doctor, C. D.

Doc. (looking around) Hello! No one around? I wonder if *Dolly* is about? If only she would come in here alone now, so that I could feel of her pulse. Her poor heart is affected, and, heigh-ho, practical man as I am, I believe mine is too.

Enter Dolly, R. 1 E.

—Well, either fortune or love is smiling on me, for I am blessed if she isn't here now.

(*approaching her*)

Dolly. What! Doctor, you here?

Doc. It is my venerable self.

Dolly. Oh, how did you dare venture here, after uncle had dismissed you so rudely.

Doc. As a practical physician I consider my duty to you, who are still my patient, before my feelings toward him. But are you not glad to see me?

Dolly. Yes, but suppose you should be discovered here, uncle would be enraged, and what would be the consequences.

Doc. Oh, have no fears on my account; you know as a practical man, I

find an expedient suitable for any emergency. But, come here. (*feeling her pulse*) How is your poor heart to-day.

Dolly. Better I think.

(*drawing up to him*)

Doc. All in a flutter.

Dolly. Oh, that is with the excitement.

Doc. Excitement?

Dolly. Yes, you see uncle has a new doctor.

Doc. Ah! Has he?

Dolly. Yes, a professor, and his arrival has created such a stir in the house, that Daisy and myself have not had a moments rest since he came.

Doc. Is that so? And what impression has he made?

Dolly. Oh, uncle and aunt think him a perfect godsend, sent to help them out of their great affliction, but Daisy and I are of the opinion that he is some quack, trying to impose and work upon the credulity of an imaginary sick pair.

Doc. In all probabilities you are right. But what does this quack say ails them?

Dolly. Oh, every disease that flesh is heir to. And he has prescribed drugs enough to stock a retail apothecary.

Doc. As I expected. Well, if your relatives will be so unpractical as to allow themselves to be practiced on by a pretender, they must suffer the consequences. And now, what about the young merchant, my friend Staple, and his case?

Dolly. Oh, poor Daisy is moping and pining in consequence of her father having sent her lover a very insulting letter, forbidding him the house.

Doc. That is too bad on poor Staple, and I suppose his being a friend of mine, acted as an irritant to still more disturb the choler and excite the spleen of old Crotchet—I should say your uncle. But has he not been here to-day?

Dolly. No, not yet; I wish he would come to cheer Daisy up—only he is so bashful.

Doc. Yes, too much so; why don't he take example by me, and force his suit at all hazards—but hark! some one is coming. I must go.

(*going toward, C. D.*)

Dolly. Not by that door; that is the way they are approaching.

Doc. Where then, here?

(*going toward, R. 1 E.*)

Dolly. Oh, no, no! That is my bedroom! Here in this closet.

(*pointing to closet*)

Doc. There is no danger of them discovering me in it, is there?

Dolly. No, unless the dog smells you.

Doc. Yes, that confounded poodle of Aunt Dorothy's, it never did like me. Does it bite?

Dolly. Yes, and his teeth are sharp, and he holds on with great tenacity—there, hide.

Doc. Gracious!

(*he hides in closet*)

Enter Daisy, C. D.

Daisy. Well, Dolly, how do you like that man?

Dolly. (*confused*) Why-a-who?

Daisy. The doctor.

Dolly. (*still more confused*) Oh, very much-a—

Daisy. You do? Well I don't.

Dolly. Whom do you mean?

Daisy. Why, this professor, as he calls himself.

Dolly. (*relieved*) Oh, why I think he is either a charlatan or impostor

Daisy. To me he appears to be both. (*John sticks his head in, C. D.*)

John. Look out, Miss Daisy, he is coming.

Daisy. The professor?

John. No, Mr. Staple. I promised to give you a hint.

(*he withdraws his head*)

Enter Staple, c. d.

Staple. (advancing bashfully) Miss Daisy, I am happy to see you again.
Daisy. And I you, Mr. Staple. But how did you dare come to see my father to-day?

Staple. Oh—a—I—a come to see you.

Daisy. Ah, then perhaps you have some new plan laid out?

Staple. Plan? Oh, yes—but, ahem. *(aside to Daisy)* This other miss being present I cannot speak as free as I would like to. *(eyeing Dolly)*

Daisy. Oh, this is only cousin Dolly, and you need not mind her. Now speak on—you must certainly have something of great importance to tell me.

Staple. (encouraged, yet embarrassed) I have my dear—I should say, miss, I wish to present my balance sheet. *(taking it out of his pocket)*

Daisy. Your balance sheet? What do I want with it? What is it? *(taking it from him)*

Staple. It is a statement of my business.

Daisy. Your business? What have I to do with your business—I am no merchant?

Staple. (confused) Well—a—I—a—thought it part of the affair.

Daisy. (giving it back to him) You are too funny. Have you nothing further to say?

Staple. I was to ask something of Miss Dolly for Doctor Linton.

Daisy. Well?

Staple. How does the young lady find herself?

Dolly. Quite well, thank you.

Staple. (taking hold of her hand, to feel her pulse) Will you allow me?

Daisy. (pulling him away from Dolly) What does this mean? You come here to see me, and make love to some one else. Do you know I could take it as an affront?

Staple. (aside) Now the fat is in the fire! Please do not be offended. Your father has already got much offended—

Daisy. He will be more so if he find you here, especially to-day.

Staple. Oh, I was cautious. I have taken the chance now when he is in a sweat.

Daisy. In a sweat?

Staple. Yes, at the Russian bath. Do not consider me so very unpractical, my dear.

Daisy. But you are mistaken; he is here, in that very room, consulting with the new doctor.

Staple. (frightened) What is that you say?

Daisy. And if I am not mistaken that is him coming now—yes, that is him.

Staple. Heavens! What shall I say to him?

Daisy. You must say nothing; you must go.

Staple. Go? Can I not hide somewhere? In here?

(going toward, R. 1 R.)

Daisy. (stopping him) No, that is my bedroom.

Crot. (outside) John, John! Betty, Betty!

Daisy. Do you hear? Hide!

Staple. In here?

(going toward the closet)

Dolly. (stopping him) No, no, not there.

Daisy. (pointing to a curtained shower bath) Quick, quick, go in here.

Staple. (going in) In here?

Daisy. (drawing the curtain) Yes, this is papa's bath closet.

Enter Crotchet, L. d.

Crot. (at door) Bring me two pails of water, Betty. *(steps forward rubbing his hands)* At last, dear children, I have a doctor! You should have seen how he examined Clarence. He saw into his case immediately. He says it is chronic gambrinus stomach distempers him; the result of too much sitting up at night.

Enter Betty, with two pails of water.

Betty. Here is your water, sir.

Crot. Fill the tank at once.

Betty. Yes, sir. I'll have to get the step ladder first, sir.

Crot. It is in that closet.

(pointing to closet)

Dolly. Here is a chair will do as well, Betty.

Daisy. You are not going to bathe to-day, dear papa?

Crot. I? Oh, no.

Daisy. *(aside)* Thank heaven!

Crot. But Clarence is; the professor has ordered a shower-bath for him.

Staple. *(sticking his head out, as Betty upon the chair, pours one of the pails of water into the tank)* O, lordy!

Crot. *(to Betty)* What did you say?

Betty. I did not speak, sir.

(getting down)

Crot. Now go, children, Clarence will soon be here.

Daisy. Can't he wait until this afternoon?

Dolly. We have work to do here now.

Crot. Work? Nonsense, the bath is of more consequence.

Betty. *(after putting in the second pail)* If you please, sir, the bath is now ready *(exit)*

Dolly. *(aside)* Oh, what can we do now?

Daisy. But the bath will not work, papa.

Crot. Why not?

Daisy. The apparatus is out of order.

Crot. Oh, yes, yes; the pull is broken; but it can be worked. I will try it at once. Where is the ladder? *(going towards closet)*

Dolly. *(stopping him)* There is a chair, uncie, Betty used.

Daisy. We have tried it already, papa.

Crot. *(getting upon the chair)* Already? Nonsense! Then it had no water in the tank.

Daisy. Oh, papa!

(exit, hurriedly, R. D.)

Dolly. Oh, uncie!

(exit, hurriedly, R. D.)

Crot. *(pulling on string and shower heard)* Now, what more do you want? Isn't that enough?

Staple. *(stepping out, dripping wet)* Yes, I cannot stand any more.

Crot. *(getting down)* Heavens on earth! You here again? What do you want?

Staple. *(haking)* I—a—only wished to inquire about your health.

Crot. In a bath? Such strange conduct for a traveling merchant, I never heard of before.

Staple. If you please, I am no traveling merchant—my letter will have informed you of my desire.

Crot. Oh, you are the one who wrote me that letter. Well, my answer acquainted you with my desire; so we are through with each other.

Staple. *(taking wet balance sheet out of his pocket)* Pardon me, I am not with you. Will you have the goodness to accept of this, my balance sheet?

Crot. *(taking it)* It is all wet. What shall I do with it?

Staple. Please to examine it.

Crot. Nonsense! I could not think of it. *(laying it on the table)* Your physical condition concerns me more than your property.

Staple. *(shivering)* I am really quite well.

Crot. To-day; but to-morrow you may have fever and ague. In general, I know nothing of your qualities as to constitution and temperament; these are main things to be considered in a son-in-law, especially in a family where so many are ailing. Are you nervous, you shake so?

Staple. *(shivering)* I? Oh, no.

Crot. Then you can have no sympathy for those who are.

Staple. Well, I am a little nervous.

Crot. Then that would be a nice thing for my daughter to have to sit all the time by your sick bed. Of what temperament are you?

Staple. I really do not know.

Crot. Are you sanguine?

Staple. No.

Crot. Are you lymphatic?

Staple. No.

Crot. Then you are choleric?

Staple. No.

Crot. What the deuce are you then?

Staple. Chilly, perhaps a little electric, my whole body is in a tremor now. (shaking)

Crot. That is to be expected, you are dripping wet, like a poodle dog just washed.

Staple. You are very kind.

Crot. Haste and get away from here then; you might catch your death of cold.

Staple. Oh, no; I am accustomed to dampness.

Crot. But you are shaking as if you had the chills.

Staple. (taking off his coat to wring it) If you please, I will take the liberty to—

Crot. The man is flighty already—I will call the doctor at once. (calling) Doctor! (doctor looks out of the closet) Professor!

(the doctor draws back again)

Enter Frizzy, L. D.

—Ah! It is well you have come, dear Professor. I have here a dangerous patient; have the goodness to prescribe something.

Frizzy. (aside) Thunderation, it is Staple! Now impudence stand by me! Ahem, the gentleman appears to have a fever. (aside, taking snuff) I must get rid of him. (feeling his pulse with face turned away) Fever, yes, of the highest potency. The man is all fever.

Crot. (rubbing his hands) Now we have it.

Frizzy. Wrap him up in warm blankets and send him home immediately, otherwise you risk his having a stroke of paralysis.

Staple. (frightened) Paralysis? For heaven sake. (aside, putting on coat) His face seems familiar to me. (observing Frizzy sideways)

Frizzy. Just look how he rolls his eyes! Signs of hydrophobia and delirium tremens.

Crot. Heavens!

Frizzy. Look, he is delirious already! He will tremenize directly. If that breaks out, he is done for.

Crot. Horrible! (rings hand-bell violently, and calls) John! Betty! Dolly! Daisy! wife! sister!

They all enter in confusion.

Together. What is the matter? What has happened?

Crot. Woolen blankets, shawls, hot-coals, a cab, quick! How dreadful that anything like this should happen in my house.

They all rush and bring blankets and shawls, which they all try to wrap Staple in

Staple. (throwing them off) You exaggerate. It is really not as bad as you think.

Crot. Wrap him up.

Enter Dorothy, with pan of coals.

Dor. I wonder if they are hot enough.

Crot. Cover him well.

(they keep wrapping him up)

Staple. (angrily, pushing them off) I assure you I am quite well, and I will not be made a fool of. This is enough to drive one out of his senses.

Frizzy. Didn't I tell you. Be quiet, sir.

Betty. The cab is here.

Crot. Now, quick, off.

Staple. *(reaching after table)* But, my balance sheet. Do you see, sir, the tremens have begun?

Doc. *(bursting from the closet, and running about frantically, with a steel rat trap hanging on to his coat-tail)* Take the dog off—he is mad—he is mad. He hangs on to my coat-tail.

Frizzy. Off with him. *(falling on his face in the middle of the stage)*

They try to push Staple out, but throwing them and the wraps off he rushes for the door, running against Dorothy and colliding with John, entering with large tray of bottles, boxes, etc.—Tableau. General confusion. They all wrapping up each other, Dorothy picking up hot coals, and John broken bottles, Dolly detaching trap from Doctor, Staple seen disappearing.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—Drawing room in Crotchet's house. Door in c. and one to the R. and to the L. Table by c. D., also one in the middle of the room, with bottles, etc., on. Sofa and closet to the L., folding fire screen and easy chair to the R., other furniture about the room. Crotchet, Mrs. C., and Clarence reclining with their heads bandaged up. Dorothy, Betty and John attending on them.

Mrs C. *(putting her hands to her head)* O, my head!

Crot. *(putting his hands to his side)* O, my side!

Clar. *(putting his hands to his stomach)* O, my stomach!

Dor. *(wringing her hands)* O my poor Fido!

Mrs C. I cannot endure it any longer.

Crot. I shall die, I know I shall.

Dor. *(to Crotchet)* Did you say anything?

Crot. *(loudly)* I feel very mean.

Mrs C. Don't yell so.

Dor. *(pouring medicine into soup ladle)* Medicine. Here.

Crot. *(turning away nauseated)* Bah! I do not wish any more. *(offering it to Crotchet)*

Dor. Some more? There is no more in it.

Betty. *(getting box of powders, and preparing one in glass)* Missus, the hour is up. *(giving her one)* If you please.

Mrs C. Yah, how nasty.

John. *(filling table spoon from brown jug)* And now, Master Clarence, comes your twelve spoonsfull. *(giving him them)*

Clar. *(smacking his lips)* Ah, that is nice.

John. *(taking a spoonful, aside)* I believe it. It is nothing but Bass' bitter ale. *[exit Dorothy, L. D.]*

Enter Frizzy, c. D.

Frizzy. Good-morning, good-morning, every one. I only dropped in to see how you were getting along. I see you are doing nicely; I expected it. *(laying hat and cane on table)*

Crot. To the contrary, we find ourselves quite unwell.

Frizzy. Splendid! That is just what I expected.

Crot. Why.

Frizzy. You see, my great sufferers, with the diseases of man, it is exactly as with the fox and his hole if you wish to capture him, you must first get him out; therefore I must first bring out the sickness before I can

end it. Such is *methodus Americanus*.

Crot. The method may do for the American who has a good constitution, but for us Britishers, it is too powerful.

Frizzy. God forbid! The American constitution is also very weak, it needs doctoring all the time.

Crot. My side is getting worse and worse.

Mrs C. And my head, too.

Frizzy. (*taking both of their pulses*) Allow me to feel your worthy pulses. Oh, much better then yesterday.

John. Master Clarence is very much better, Mr. Professor. His medicine is double extra dry—I should say extraordinary.

Frizzy. Ah! I am glad. Without the medicine he would not have been so far recovered.

John. (*aside*) Big fool! We threw his stuff to the dogs. Oh, I feel sick now.

Frizzy. What ails you?

John. (*limping*) I have such pains in my corns.

Frizzy. (*thoughtlessly*) Show me your tongue. [*aside*] Phew, ale. I should say he had been aleing! Uncertain; but at any rate continue the same medicine, the light brown. All continue taking the same medicines, regularly and often, and keep yourselves warm. I am in great haste now.
[*taking his hat and cane*]

Crot. You are not going already?

Frizzy. Oh, yes; I have an immense practice, every one is running after me. It is Drakevoice here and Drakevoice there, so that I have not had time to get my breakfast yet.

Crot. Oh, that you can get here. John, serve the Professor some breakfast in the dining room.

John. Yes, sir.

[*exit, L. D.*]

Frizzy. [*putting down hat and cane*] If you insist.

Crot. And you, Clarence, show the Professor our wine cellar, and if you wish, sir, select yourself a bottle.

Clar. [*jumping up and throwing off bandage*] Yes, father.

[*taking Frizzy's hat and cane*]

Frizzy. [*aside*] Select? I am good at that. Cellar keys? That's a wise conclusion of the old man's.

[*exeunt Clarence and Frizzy, L. D.*]

Betty. (*aside*) He will get fuddled. I must try and prevent him.

[*busying herself*]

Crot. This doctor remains here when we are bad, he is the kind to have.
[*Crotchet and Mrs. C. both recline*]

Enter Dolly, R. D.

Dolly. [*aside*] The time for the doctor to come is near at hand; now to get aunt and uncle out of the way. [*to Mrs. C.*] Dear auntie, would you not like to look at some silks and laces?

Mrs C. [*sitting up*] Silks and laces! Where child?

Dolly. I am going to drive down to Peter Robertson's to look at some, and get samples, and I did not know but maybe you would like to go along.

Mrs C. (*standing up and throwing off the bandage*) Yes, Dolly, I will, the drive will perhaps do me good.

Dolly. Then get ready, please. (*aside*) And when she is I will make some excuse and let her go alone.

[*exit with Mrs. C., L. D.*]

Crot. Humph! Let a woman be ever so sick, and mention silks and laces to her, and she will rise, take up her bed, and walk—a mile to see them.

Enter Daisy, R. D.

Daisy. (*aside*) Mamma and Dolly are going shopping. Now to get rid of papa, before Staple calls with the Doctor. [*to Crotchet*] Papa, how do you feel?

Crot. Do you not see I am prostrated?

Daisy. I am sorry; I thought perhaps you would like to go and take a Russian bath to-day. Mammina and cousin are going past the door and could let you out, and stop for you on the way back.

Crot. (rising) Russian bath? I believe I will go; tell them to wait and I will go along. *(throwing off bandage and exit, L. D.)*

Daisy. (aside) There, the coast is clear. *(exit, L. D.)*

Betty. [coming forward] There's a storm a brewing somewhere, I feel it in my bones. I hope Frizzy won't go and get fuddled, and make a donkey of himself, and show his ears.

Enter Doctor, c. D., laying his hat and a bottle on the table by the door.

—Gracious, here's the young doctor! What is he here for? Mischief, I shouldn't wonder!

Doc. Ah! Betty, is that you? Will you be kind enough to let Miss Dolly know I await her here?

Betty. Take a seat, sir, and I will tell her.

Doc. Yes, do so; and I say, just keep a lookout, and let me know if your master should return, that's a good girl. *(giving her a shilling)*

Betty. (curtseying) My duty to you, sir. *(aside)* Yes, I will keep a lookout, but for something else. *(exit, L. D.)*

The doctor left alone, taking a book from his pocket, seats himself in the arm-chair to read, pause, during which he acts restlessly, while Betty enters again and slips into the closet.

Doc. (closing the book, and looking at his watch) Ten o'clock; it is precisely the time appointed. and my patient, Dolly, does not seem to be on hand. Can it be something has transpired to prevent having the interview she wrote for and arranged? The family are out driving I know, so they cannot be the cause of her detention. There she is, and heavens, the aunt, too!

Enter Dolly and Dorothy, L. D.

Dor. Good morning Doctor. Yes, yes, you are surprised to be called here. A very sad circumstance caused us to write for you.

Doc. (loudly) Sad?

Dolly. (softly to him) It is not so bad.

Dor. Oh, if I had only followed your advice about the veterinary surgeon. I had my Fido treated by a common man doctor, and he could not endure that. He has gone over. Dolly thought you could help us out of our trouble, so I advised her to write you. Speak my child, tell the Doctor all that we have on our hearts.

(drawing some work out of her pocket, and sitting apart knitting)

Doc. So it is to you I am indebted for this happy meeting?

Dolly. Do not misconstrue this step that I have taken, sir, in full regards of your honor and character, out of sympathy for a family to whom I owe so much.

Doc. Speak freely, Miss Dolly; if I can assist you and your relatives in any way with my counsel and advice, I am at your service.

Dolly. You can save my uncle from being destroyed with poison; he has fallen into the hands of an impostor, whom I consider without conscience. I pray you to examine these prescriptions, perhaps you can form some conclusion from them as to his knowledge. *(handing him several prescriptions)*

Doc. Has the knave prescribed all these in so short a time?

(looking them over)

Dolly. Oh, these are not all, I only took those for samples.

Doc. (laughing) Ha, ha, ha! This is copied out of an old medical book. Mr. Professor seems by the quantity of drugs he prescribes, to be in copartnership with the apothecary.

Dolly. Our house actually looks like a branch shop; fortunately, the

drugs have had no bad effects, but think what dreadful consequences might occur to uncle.

Doc. You need not give yourself any uneasiness, the medicines are not dangerous. I will try and circumvent this wonderful doctor. But how do you find yourself to-day? *(standing by her side)*

Dolly. Oh, thank you, very well—that is, pretty well.

Doc. *(taking her hand)* You appear to suffer.

Dolly. *(trying to withdraw her hand)* No, no.

Doc. Do not withdraw this gentle hand, I have long desired to tell you—how grieved I was that I lost with your uncle such a lovely patient.

Dolly. Indeed, that you were interested in me?

Doc. Believe me, my attendance on your relatives would have ceased long ago, had I not truly and sincerely, I—I—liked you. But after what has happened——

Dolly. Oh, you did perfectly right. If it is every ones duty to take conscience as a guide for their actions, how much more so should it be for a physician, thus to secure the truth—the truth and—confidence of his patients, on which his position and power depends.

Doc. *(aside)* How lovely she is!

Dolly. No, you could not have acted otherwise, and I love—esteem you all the more for it.

Doc. *(kissing her hand)* What a charming champion you are. Oh, if you only knew how happy this meeting makes me.

Dolly. Why, how your hand trembles!

Doc. Yes, and your also.

Dolly. *(confused)* It—a—always does when you hold it.

Doc. Does it dear one? Then I will hold you tighter.

(putting his arm around her waist)

Dor. *(to herself)* They are going to waltz. Poor little Fido used to dance so nicely.

Dolly. Oh, my heart.

Doc. Bless your dear heart. I hope I may be able to cure it.

Dolly. *(laughing)* And you really took me to be sick?

Doc. Where love is, science ceases.

(rapping heard)

Dolly. *(drawing away)* Heaven! uncle and the rest have returned.

Staple. *(outside)* Open the door.

Doc. It is Staple. Secrete yourself and aunt for a moment, and I will get rid of him.

Dolly. Yes, yes, do; Oh, I am in such a fright. I will retire with aunt into the adjoining library, and you remain and dismiss him.

Doc. At once.

Dolly. *(to Dorothy)* Dear aunt.

Dor. What do you want? Me to waltz?

(rising)

Dolly. *(taking her by the hand)* Please come here, quick!

Dor. Yes, but I do not understand.

(exeunt, Dolly and Dorothy shown by Doctor, L. D.)

Betty. *(looking out of the closet)* Such a funk! I thought sure they were coming in here. O lordy!

(dodges back, knocking heard)

Doc. *(loudly)* In a moment, immediately. Let me see, I will tell him I came to make a post mortem examination of Dorothy's dog Fido. *(knocking again heard)* Yes, yes.

(opening the door)

Enter Staple excitedly, C. D.

Staple. *(laying his hat on the table in center of room)* Ah! You here Doctor? I am glad.

Doc. Well, and what do you want?

Staple. My dear friend, I have much to tell you.

Doc. You must excuse me, I am expecting a patient to examine. I have no time to spare now.

(handing him his hat)

Staple. Oh, Doctors always say that. It doesn't matter; to-day the

merchant would confide in his friend, and, as I love you, I must pour out my whole heart to you. *(laying his hat down again)*

Doc. (again taking his hat) Well you can, but not now. I will meet you at the restaurant in an hour, and then you can pour forth.

Staple. (giving him his hat again) In an hour? No, for me the present moment is auspicious. I must strike while the iron is hot. *(laying his hat on table again)*

Doc. (presenting him his hat once more) Well, but I tell you—

Staple. (looking at the hat) Where do all these hats come from? I have taken three away from you already. *(retaining hold of it)*

Doc. (aside) What! has the man gone crazy?

Staple. (linking arms with him) Now listen to me quietly.

Doc. Well, if you must, but quickly, if you please.

Staple. You know, dear brother, that I am, practically speaking, a modest person.

Doc. (drawing away from him) Oh, yes.

Staple. That is, practically speaking, only apparently.

Doc. (impatiently) Go on, go on.

Staple. You see when I was a child of four years, everybody remarking my precautions and boldness, said; "He will make a smart man some day," and I became of such renown, that in my eighth year—

Doc. Please do me the favor to grow a little faster. I do not understand what can be the matter with you to-day. You are extremely tedious. What do you want, anyway?

Staple. But I must unfold it to you systematically, that is practically.

Doc. You will drive me to distraction. Cannot you tell me at once what it is you wish?

Staple. I wish the use of this room for an hour or so.

Doc. This room?

Staple. Yes, it is absolutely necessary; but you can remain.

Doc. I? You are really very kind.

Staple. You must remain.

Doc. Well, but, can you not leave all this until to-morrow?

Staple. No, it will not do. You must now remain with me here. That is what I wished to explain to you. You see—

Doc. You and your explanations are intolerable. *(aside)* I must inform my prisoners of this, lest I try their patience. One moment, please.

(exit, L. D.)

Staple. This will be my first real interview with her. I am all excited. Oh, if I had only known couriership was so circumstantial, I would never have entered into it. Stop! Is there not some one coming? If it were she! I am all anxiety.

Enter Daisy, C. D.

Daisy. Well, sir.

Staple. (embarrassed) It is very nice and cool here.

Daisy. (looking about) You are alone! That is not according to our agreement. The Doctor was to come and hear our conversation, therefore I must leave you. *(about to go)*

Staple. No, no, please, he is here; you only came in too soon.

Daisy. You are always able to make excuses.

Staple. Yes, yes, I am somewhat excusable, and confused, but it is only on your account. You must forgive me, my love, for—

Daisy. Hold, sir! Not another word without the Doctor being present.

Staple. No, no, beg your pardon. He is in there, I will call him in immediately.

Daisy. Well, go, quick.

Staple. Yes, soon, soon.

(standing twirling his hat)

Daisy. Why do you not go then?

Staple. Excuse me, but I have not told him any thing yet; I must prepare him first.

Daisy. Then I will go. (*going*)

Staple. Yes, yes, do; please step into that room for a moment. I will call him in here and tell him.

Daisy. Well, as you will, but do not keep me waiting long. (*exit R. D.*)

Staple. Thank goodness affairs are coming into order. Now for the doctor. (*about to exit, L. D.*)

Daisy re-enters, hurriedly.

Daisy. (*alarmed*) O, heavens! How could you frighten me so?

Staple. (*trembling*) Wha—what has happened?

Daisy. Aunt's dead dog, Fido, is laid out in that room. Oh, my whole body is in a tremble!

Staple. Excuse me, I was not aware of it.

Daisy. Does that help it any?

Staple. What, the dead dog?

Daisy. No, this terrible fright. I am quite weak. (*sinks back on the sofa*)

Staple. (*wringing his hands*) O lordy! O lordy!

Daisy. Oh, oh, oh!

(*sinking back*)

Staple. What can I do? Have courage, and do not faint. Is there nothing here I can let her smell. (*running about looking for something*)
Ah! (*takes the bottle, and pulling out the cork, holds it to her nose*) There! she closes her eyes! Oh, if there was only a doctor about. Why, there is Linton. (*going to L. D., he opens it, but starts back*)

Enter Doctor, leaving door open.

Doc. Man, have you lost your senses?

Staple. (*pointing to Daisy*) No, but she has—look!

Doc. Why, what has happened?

Staple. She felt so miserable, I let her smell of this, and she went off.

Doc. (*snatching it*) My! chloroform!

(*going to her*)

Staple. My clumsiness! now it is all over.

(*putting on his hat, and dropping into a chair*)

Doc. (*shaking her*) Arouse yourself Miss Daisy.

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. What do I see? Daisy in a faint!

Doc. No, Staple here, was stupid enough to chloroform her.

(*still shaking her*)

Daisy. (*sitting up, recovering*) Oh, where am I? I feel so peculiar. (*Dolly and she talk apart*)
(*rising and looking about, dazed like*) But, Daisy, how came you here.

Staple. (*coming forward*) Yes, that I do not understand, how it all came about that—

Doc. Away from me you dangerous mischief-maker. Do not come near me. (*pushing him off*)

Staple. But, a—allow me to explain to you why.

Doc. I allow you nothing. Be so good as to remain standing where you are, and speak not a word further. That is the only way to prevent your committing any more blunders.

Staple. But—

Doc. Be still! (*to Dolly and Daisy*) Excuse me ladies, but it would be best to forego all explanations at present. The principal thing now, is to arrange how we are to expose that pretender.

Daisy. (*satirically to Dolly*) Ah, so that was his business here?

Doc. (*to Dolly*) We will proceed exactly as we have arranged. Send for me, and I will be on hand.

Daisy. And what will you do with our bungler here? (*pointing to Staple*)

Doc. Leave him to me. He will work no more mischief.

(*exeunt, the ladies, C. D.*)

Staple. Now I am as wise as before—Tell me—

Doc. Excuse me. (*aside*) I had forgotten the aunt, who will sit knitting there, until doomsday if not called. (*exit, L. D.*)

Staple. What! Has he got some one else hid in there? Gracious, the aunt!

Enter Doctor, leading Dorothy.

Doc. (*loudly*) We are going to uncover, and look into his case.

Dor. What! Dissect my poor Fido? Never! (*exit hurriedly, R. D.*)

Staple. That's right, get rid of them all. I wager there is a whole dozen of women in there.

Doc. No, no one else; but now it is time we were off to get ready, and bring Crotchet into our hands again.

Staple. Yes, yes; shall we go? (*taking the doctor's hat in his hand*) I am ready.

Doc. (*looking around*) Where is my hat?

Staple. I have mine.

[*showing the doctor's*

Doc. That belongs to me.

[*taking it*

Staple. Yes, but where is mine? (*hunting*) There were so many here before.

Doc. (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! It is now on a blockhead.

Staple. (*feeling it*) Did you ever? I am quite confused to-day.

[*exeunt both, C. D.*

Betty. (*coming out of the closet*) Ho, ho, mister conspirator! So you intend to spring a trap on Frizzy, as you did on yourself the other day? Not if I can help it. (*busying herself*)

Enter Crotchet and Mrs Crotchet.

Crot. Well, I am glad I am home at last, for what with the weakening effects of the bath and jolting of the carriage, I am nearly dropping to pieces.

Mrs C. (*laying garments on center table*) I feel unusually well. The drive has done me a great deal of good. Betty, put away these things and bring in the parcels. (*throwing himself on the sofa*)

Crot. Yes, but your sickness is not chronic like mine; yours is easily cured, while with mine, it seems the more I do for it the worse I become. (*exit Betty with garments*)

[*putting his hand to his side and groaning*

Enter Dolly, Daisy and Betty with parcels.

Dolly. (*to Daisy*) Now is the time to begin, (*to Crotchet*) Well, how do you feel now, uncle?

Crot. How do I feel? What a question to ask.

Mrs C. I feel very well after my ride; you missed it not going. There, leave them here, Betty.

Crot. I have discovered from the book the Professor left me two more diseases that I have——

Daisy. (*taking up the parcels*) Come, mamma, let us see what samples of silk you have brought.

Mrs C. Samples? There they are. (*showing them*) Yes, and laces, I have brought also, see?

Daisy. Laces? (*rushing up and taking the laces out of her hand*) Oh, they are exquisite and so deep too.

Mrs C. Over a quarter of an ell, and just think so cheap.

Dolly. (*to Mrs. C.*) Your brown silk dress trimmed with this would look magnificent.

Mrs C. (*full of interest*) Yes, dear, I think it would look real tasteful.

Daisy. Mamma, that will be just the thing for the ball at Mr Silver-smiths.

Crot. Humph, I should think he had a bawl enough now. He is almost as sick as I am.

Dolly. Yes, you know, aunt, his health was very poor, but after he had a consultation of two doctors, they reached his case, and he has recovered, so that the ball will come off.

Crot. (*rising up to listen*) A consultation? Thunder and lightning! I haven't tried that yet.

Dolly. How?

Crot. That is a capital idea. Strange I had not thought of it. I can have one, and I must have one. Two doctors will naturally know more than one. (*to Mrs. Crotchet*) What do you say to our having a consultation, wife?

Mrs. C. (*engaged with Daisy*) Do not bother me now, I am very much engaged, husband. (*to Daisy*) Come, child, we will measure, and see how much we need of it.

Daisy. (*aside, to Dolly*) It works well. I will now let mamma into the plot. (*exeunt, L. D., Daisy, Mrs. Crotchet and Betty with parcels*)

Crot. But where can we get another doctor in a hurry?

Dolly. Yes, and it must be one that understands your case.

Crot. That would evidently be Linton; but he would not come; useless to ask him.

Dolly. I am afraid so too.

Crot. Well, we can try it, anyway. What do you think?

Dolly. There will be no harm in sending for him.

Crot. Yes, yes, my dear, do that. Betty may go, she can be very pleasant. No, rather send John, he will not leave until the doctor comes with him. Wait after all, let Betty go, John is so brusque. Tell her to say that I desire him to come—do you hear, I desire him to come.

Dolly. Very well. (*aside*) That is all we desire. (*exit L.*)

Crot. (*rubbing his hands*) A consultation, that is glorious! But suppose they cannot, with their combined science, discover my disease? Then I will give it up. I will at least have done my best.

Enter Frizzy, Clarence and John with bottles.

Frizzy. There is nothing to compare with such a small, wet breakfast. It stimulates the nerves and strengthens the blood. Sir, your wine cellar is famous. This fifty-sevener headsick is jolly.

Clar. (*a little tipsy*) Here, father, I have brought you a bottle, too. I am quite unwell again.

Crot. (*taking the bottle and putting it on the center table*) You poor boy. The damp cellar is the cause. Is it not so, Professor?

Frizzy. Quite possible. Damp cellars do have a bad effect on the human system.

Crot. Go to your room, my son.

Clar. Oh, oh! yes, father.

Crot. Mr. Professor will at once prescribe something for you.

Frizzy. Oh, yes, a couple of glasses of bitter beer.

Crot. Bitter beer.

Frizzy. Yes, I mean to rub in, applicatimus. I tell you in such cases, applications of that, to the pit of the stomach, are excellent. You can use hop-malt extract for the same purpose—it is the same thing, only a little more expensive.

Crot. (*to John*) You go with Clarence and attend in person to the application.

John. Yes, sir.

Clar. Oh, oh, oh!

(*taking Clarence's arm*)

(*exeunt both*)

Crot. I have prepared a great surprise for you, professor.

Frizzy. You are not well.

Crot. No, indeed; to the contrary I feel so miserable that I have decided to have a consultation.

Frizzy. (*frightened*) Consultation? (*aside*) The man is indeed well.

Crot. I have two reasons; first, my own condition, then on your account, to give you an opportunity to excel over an English doctor who thinks he knows a great deal.

Frizzy. Hem, yes, that will be an easy matter. But then you will suffer by it.

Crot. Suffer? I think to gain by it."

Frizzy. A mistake, sir. You see such a consultation is like an oyster, the two shells are the doctors, and the delicate oyster itself is the patient. At first they all three hang well together, the patient in the middle, so—(showing with his hands)—but touch the patient and the shells clash together, so—(clapping his hands)—then the poor oyster is apt to be done for.

Crot. Such a simile. But to carry out the simile don't it often happen that they are both hard shell doctors, and being of the same opinion hinge well, as it were?

Frizzy. Never!

Crot. Not at all?

Frizzy. No. Besides when two doctors meet they have so much to say about their theories that the patient is only a secondary consideration.

Crot. But I have taken it into my head, and besides the doctor is already sent for.

Frizzy. What, sent for already? (aside) Then I must get away from here. To-day, sir, I have no time, I am otherwise engaged. Besides I have to sharpen my razors.

Crot. Your razors?

Frizzy. I mean my lancets; yes, for an operation. Now you see the result of a consultation.

Crot. Good heavens!

Frizzy. Yes, cutting is my best forte. If the other one is for cutting why we cut.

Enter John ushering in Doctor.

John. Doctor Linton, sir.

Crot. (rising to greet him) This is the other doctor.

Frizzy. (aside) I am getting quite enlightened.

Doc. At your earnest desire I again present myself to you, sir.

Crot. Very kind, very kind. I sent for you to prove to you that my sickness is not imaginary. I have here a learned American professor, with whom I wish you to consult. (introducing them) Professor Playfair Drake voice this is Dr. Linton.

Frizzy. I am very much pleased.

(bowing stiffly)

Doc. Good morning, sir.

Crot. (to Doctor) Well, you know what I have sent for you for—proceed. But first I have one request, and that I must have gratified.

Doc. What?

Crot. You must not cut. Do you hear?

Doc. (laughing) Cut? Ha, ha, ha!

Frizzy. Do not alarm yourself, sir. (aside) I should like to cut and run.

Crot. (to John) John, two glasses for the gentlemen. (aside to Frizzy, while John brings two glasses) Now squelch him!

Frizzy. (aside) Squelch him? I could kill him.

Crot. Now, gentlemen, I will leave you alone. You will remain here undisturbed. (going to door and sending John off—aside) But if they should decide to cut I had better listen. (he secretes himself behind the screen)

Frizzy. (aside) Now, audacity, stand by me. Ahem! A very pleasant day this?

Doc. (seriously) Yes, very pleasant, and as I am rather pushed for time I think we had better at once to our business. If you please we will be seated. (pointing to chair on opposite side of table and sitting)

Frizzy. (sitting) Yes, we will be seated, but first take a little heart strengthener. (pours out wine) This stuff is prime, I have tasted it before. (drinks)

Doc. (tasting his glass) Yes, it is very good. Well, let us begin. You will agree with me that the chief basis of our consultation here is hypochondria?

Frizzy. Basis? Hypochondria? (aside, taking snuff) So old Crotchet is

suffering in the basis. I am glad to hear it. (*to Doctor*) Will you indulge?

Doc. (*taking a pinch*) Thank you. What do you say about it?

Frizzy. Quite right, Mr. Colleague. (*pours wine again*) Just my opinion. With the basis I am quite familiar. (*drinks*)

Doc. (*aside—sneezing*) He will drink himself drunk. All the better. *In veno veritus.*

Frizzy. But you do not drink, Mr. Colleague.

Doc. (*drinking*) Oh, yes; I will drink now to the health and wealth of Mr. Crotchet, and his speedy recovery. (*drinks*)

Frizzy. Recovery? Mr. Colleague you will spoil the trade. We don't find such customers as him every day.

Doc. You appear to be in a good humor, Professor. That gives me the assurance that you do not consider his case dangerous?

Frizzy. Do you consider him dangerous?

Doc. No.

Frizzy. Neither do I.

Doc. But the factum is the same. He feels unwell, therefore it is our duty to find out under what category his ailment belongs. Do you take it for idiopathic or diotic?

Frizzy. (*pouring wine again*) Idiiotic or diotic? This fifty-sevener is certainly splendid—the brand is superb. (*drinks*)

Doc. Confine yourself to the subject, please. Do you take his disease to be primitive.

Frizzy. Oh, let the confounded disease go. That is too tedious.

Crot. Well, I declare!

Frizzy. Have you been to the theatre lately? The Hamlet of Irving is excellent.

Doc. We are not discussing the drama, and the analysis is quite necessary.

Frizzy. Ann Alleysis? Who is she? But take a drink.

Doc. (*drawing away his glass*) No, thank you, I have had enough. (*offering him wine*)

Frizzy. How wrong? A man can never get enough.

Doc. You appear to be an allopath?

Frizzy. Allopath, homeopath, hydropath, just as you please, it is all the same.

Doc. But you must cure after some system.

Frizzy. System? Yes, yes, certainly, I cure all my patients through the crisis.

Doc. What do you mean by the crisis?

Frizzy. Well, since we are by ourselves, Mr. Colleague; it is for example when a numbers of doctor, or politicians, have experimented and practiced on a patient, or a country, until they have it in a precarious state, which it can only recover from by the force and strength of its own constitution, that condition is what I call the crisis.

Doc. Mr. Professor does not appear to have had much education in America.

Frizzy. Bother! We don't consider education of any consequence; the constitution is the main thing. that is the true Jacob staff.

Doc. But how did you learn pharmacy and chemistry?

Frizzy. Pharmacy? Oh, you mean farming—in that we are a great deal farther advanced over there, and we make plenty of money by chemistry.

Doc. Money?

Frizzy. Yes, money. For example, we invest a few dollars in various kinds of chemicals, which we dilute with water, and sell for whisky, making money in the operation.

Doc. Ha, ha, ha! We have that way of making money here, too. But, now, to our subject, the sickness of Mr. Crotchet.

Crot. Yes, yes, do.

Frizzy. Now be reasonable. This Crotchet is a regular fool. (*rubbing his hands*)

Crot. Fool, I?

Frizzy. Did you say anything?

Doc. No, you spoke last.

Frizzy. Yes, yes, a regular fool, but a perfect gem to a family physician, Mr. Colleague. An old pump, so to speak, that will never run dry, as long as you keep pouring lots of stuff down the throat, and the handle going.

Crot. Heavens on earth!

Doc. Are you in earnest?

Frizzy. Of course, I am in earnest. You are a young man, I would advise you to follow my mode of doctoring, and you will never lack for patients.

Doc. (*rising*) That is enough. In America, such bare-faced swindling might do, but an honest English physician that has a sincere love for his profession, turns with disgust from such imposition.

Frizzy. (*rising*) Well, but—a—

Doc. You are a miserable quack! You have sneaked in here, and imposed yourself upon this family, but, thank heaven, I came in time. Mr. Crotchet is indeed sick, since he imagines he is, yet, fresh air, and out-door exercise is what he needs, and that is the only thing that will save him, but if he follows your advice he will in a short time drop off with apoplexy.

Crot. My lord amighty!

Crotchet looking too far over the screen, knocks it over and falls, shut in between the two parts.

Doc. (*aside*) He has been listening! all the better.

Frizzy. (*offering to help him*) Poor fallen invalid!

Crot. (*pushing him away*) Let me alone.

Frizzy. The man has fell upon his head—paralysis of the brain, we shall have to bleed him at once.

Crot. Keep away from me, you blood-sucker.

Frizzy. Fee for bleeding only two shillings and sixpence.

Crot. (*striking and pushing him off*) Don't come near me. (*calling*) Wife, John, Betty, girls, doctor, help, save me!

Enter all the family and Staple.

All. What is the matter? What has happened?

Betty. (*aside*) As I expected, it is all up with Frizzy.

Doc. (*helping Crotchet to his feet*) Allow me to assist you—there. And now the best thing you can do is to leave. (*to Frizzy*)

Frizzy. Leave? What do you mean? I am still physician here and will have my say. (*to Crotchet*) Another such delirium and I will have to order an ice pack for you.

Doc. And if you do not leave at once I will order two policeman for you.

Frizzy. (*looking at every one*) I do not understand this! What does it mean?

Doc. (*to Crotchet*) How did you come by this charlatan?

Frizzy. Charlatan? Sir, do you wish to insult me? I am not afraid of a poor medical wit, *asenus asinum*. But I see my patient, Mr. Crotchet, has recovered.

Doc. Yes, and he has been made wise.

Crot. (*to Doctor*) Oh, yes, yes, from this hour. But who is this fellow?

All (*except Betty*) Yes, yes, who is he?

Doc. (*pulling off Frizzy's wig and beard*) My barber!

Betty. (*rushing to and standing by him*) My lover!

All. What, you?

Betty. Yes, Mr. Crotchet, at my instigation Frizzy tried to shave you, not out of ill-will, but to get your fifty pounds reward.

Crot. Well, he shall have it for making me wise.

Frizzy. (*bowing humbly*) Kind hearted Crotchet.

Crot. But you, good dear doctor, will not leave me again? I will do everything you say; yes, even work, if I only knew at what.

Staple. (*stepping up*) Perhaps you have examined my bal——

Doc. (*pushing him aside*) If you please. (*to Crotchet*) My friend Staple here has a large mercantile trade, your experience will join in well with it; form a partnership and go to work.

John. (*aside*) Now my appetite will come back.

Doc. He also loves your daughter, have a wedding, that will give your wife something to do.

Crot. What say you to that, wife?

Daisy. Oh, mamma has given her consent already.

Crot. (*handing Daisy to Staple*) Well, son-in-law and future partner, take her.

Staple. Thank you. And now with your permission I will retire.

(*about to go*)

Doc. (*stopping him*) Man, where are you going?

Staple. I have no dress coat on.

Crot. Dress coat? Nonsense, you ought to be satisfied to have my daughter.

Staple. Then I will at least put on a white neck-tie.

(*retiring back to put one on*)

Crot. Curious person! (*to Daisy*) But I hope the doctor will not tell about this to the world. If he does we will be made a laughing stock of.

Daisy. He must also remain in the family; there is your niece, dear papa, just look. (*pointing to Doctor and Dolly talking apart*)

Crot. Is it possible? (*going to them*) Excuse me, Dolly, oblige your sick, I should say well uncle, by accepting the doctor.

Dolly. (*giving her hand*) I have always obeyed you, uncle, and I will now.

Dor. I don't understand. Are you all sick?

Crot. As for you, barber, you can take your accomplice and this money and go. (*handing him a purse*)

Frizzy. Thank you, sir, but where shall I go? Back to the barber shop, Betty?

Betty. (*leading Frizzy to the front and addressing audience*) No, go on the theatre stage, for I am sure our friends here will all agree with me in saying that you have played the part of doctor well, since you have cured them all of one common complaint these dull times, namely the blues.

Tableau—Crotchet and wife in the middle; Frizzy and Betty to the front, c.; Daisy and Staple to the L.; Doctor and Dolly to the R.; Dorothy and John to the extreme R. and L.

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